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BLUE EYES.

BY RITA.

Love looked at me through thy dear eyes,
And won an answering glance from me;
And now I see him never more,
Save, when, dear love, I turn to thee.
Full many a guise has Cupid worn,
The hearts of men to tempt away!
In eyes of brown he hides himself,
In eyes of black, and eyes of grey.

But neither guise my fancy stirred,
Until one day, 'neath June's bright skies,
The loving sprite peeped out at me,
Safe hidden in thy sweet blue eyes.
And then, ah then, my heart gave up
Its long-stored wealth of love to thee,
And close and true my heart and thoughts
Hold fast the love thou givest me.

A SHADOWED LOVE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DOCTOR WESTWOOD'S SECRET," "MARJORIE'S TRIALS," "HEARTS AND CORONETS," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

MADAME DE ROUGEMENT rose hastily from her seat at night of Dorothy; Madame's heart sank like lead.

"Whose idiot has told her?" she said. "I ought not to have permitted her out of my sight."

"I feel very guilty," said Sir Charles. "I took Miss Dorothy away blooming, and I have brought her back without her roses." And Sir Charles, who represented Friar Tuck, bent his head in humble penitence before Dorothy's chaperon.

"It is late," remarked madame hurriedly while Estelle tried to falter out a few inarticulate words, "and we are both tired—tired to death," she added a little impatiently. "Sir Charles, will you be so good as to ask for my carriage?"

Monsieur de Grandvilliers came up, bowing profoundly and offering his arm to madame.

Estelle followed, white and shivering, passing through the splendid salons as in a dream, returning mechanically the parting salutations of her acquaintance, and allowing the Duke to wrap her with a solicitude which did not escape the watchful eyes of the bystanders.

"Adieu, mademoiselle; au revoir!" said he, pressing her little hand in English fashion as he said it. And Estelle, unconscious of any significance in the tone and words, too confused and wretched to know what was happening, repeated after him—

"Adieu, monsieur; au revoir!"

Then she gathered herself up in a corner of the carriage, and, hiding her face in her hands, tried to think of what she had heard; whilst madame, dreading an explanation at that time and in that place, after a demonstrative yawn or two and a petulant "How tired I am!" settled herself to sleep through the long drive home.

What had happened to Mervyn? was Estelle's agonised thought. What was this misfortune which had come upon him, and of which all the world knew save herself? What were those hints of something worse than misfortune—vague, unexplained hints of which all save herself seemed to comprehend the meaning?

The silence which she had justified by every argument love could suggest had, then, a terrible meaning! She pressed her hands tightly on her throbbing temples and tried to calm her beating heart, as the possibilities, each one far from the truth, presented themselves to her terrified imagination.

Another thought, one of infinite pain, stole in to add to her misery and bewilderment. Her lover had become rich; the obstacle to their happiness—his poverty—had been removed, and he had not told her.

What element of suffering, perhaps of self-reproach, was there in this sudden death to make him shrink from announcing it to her?

She, who had known only the tenderest love from her own parents, could understand that the shock of his father's loss would be a great one to him, that he might turn away in his first grief from any happiness it brought him.

But she could not understand that they two, who loved one another, should be apart in the great sorrows or events of their lives.

Had his father, on his death-bed, forbidden their marriage; and was he struggling to obey the cruel command? She could think of nothing else with power to keep them apart now; and against such a posthumous tyranny she rebelled with all her heart, asking indignantly one moment, despairingly the next, why a dead man's malice should have power to ruin the lives of those left behind him.

"He is a queer, obstinate old fellow," Tempest had said to her; and there had been something in his manner when he spoke of his father which had given her quick perception an insight into the difficulties her lover had to contend with.

But there had been a hint of something dark, mysterious, perhaps disgraceful, in the conversation she had overheard just now. Her heart stood still with nameless fear and terror as she recalled the grave, even solemn tone of one of the young men.

"I wonder if it will ever be cleared up?"

"Some of those horrid Radical papers pretend to say he did it!"

"It's an unpleasant sort of thing to hang over a man all his life." The sentences rang in her ears. What did they mean? What was there in the look which Madame de Rougemont cast upon her, questioning, frightened, as Estelle's awakened fears read it, which seemed in harmony with these?

Something had happened to Mervyn, something which her aunt was afraid to tell her.

A terrible vague fear clutched at her heart and stifled her breath, or she would have cried aloud to Madame de Rougemont to tell her at once what this horrible thing which she was hiding from her was. But no words could reach her parched lips; they died struggling in her throat.

"Though guilt and shame were on thy name." What made these words come to her just then? They hovered round her like wicked imps, they whispered in her ears, they tormented her with malicious repetition.

* * * * * *

The drive home from Paris was like a long nightmare to Estelle; and, when it was over and she stood in the full light of madame's apartment, with her wraps thrown aside, Florine exclaimed—

"Mademoiselle is ill! Mon Dieu, she is going to faint—to die!"

"Hush!" reproved madame peevishly. "My child"—to Estelle—"you are tired, worn out.

"The heat was frightful, and the long drive kills one. Go to bed; and Florine shall bring you some wine."

But Estelle looked steadily at the shifting uncertain eyes.

"Tell me," she said in English, "what has happened. Tell me now, at once."

"Tell you what?" madame answered, coloring in spite of herself and pulling nervously at the clasp of her bracelet. "What do you mean?"

"Something has happened to my—to Mr. Mervyn?" Estelle, pale and resolute, persisted.

"You are keeping it from me, but I must know it."

"In the morning then," Madame de Rougement said, breaking down before the determination of the young girl. "Go to bed and sleep now, and in the morning, when you are rested and stronger, you shall hear all I have heard."

"I am strong now. Do you think I can rest without knowing? I have heard something to-night which all the world seems to know excepting me—me, to whom it is so much more than to them!" Estelle answered. "Tell me the worst. It will be easier to bear than this suspense."

"I am tired—I am ill," madame answered impatiently, still shrinking from Estelle's wild searching eyes.

"I am not fit for any excitement to-night; nor are you. Wait until to-morrow. Child, you do not know for what you are asking. You do not know what a night you would give yourself!"

"It would all be so much easier in the morning. Now we shall have a scene; she will faint or shriek, or something disagreeable, and I shall lose my whole night's rest—when I am so tired too! How unlucky that she should have heard anything! I meant to tell her to-morrow."

Estelle caught her hand.

"What he is bearing I can bear," she said. "He is in great sorrow—I know so much as that." She could not, for the life of her, put into words that worse terror which was clutching at her heart. "You have no right to keep it from me—not for an hour. He has written to you—give me the letter!"

Her tone was almost imperious—sharp with the agony of her fear and dread.

Madame de Rougemont rose without another word, and opened a locked cabinet which stood near her bed. From this she took a couple of English newspapers and held them towards Estelle.

"I have had no letter," said she. "I have only these. When you have read them, you will not wonder that he has not written—that he will never write again. My poor love"—struck with a sudden touch of feeling at the contact of the cold hands and the ghastly pallor of the fair young face—"it will be a blow to you, but remember that you would have me tell you. I would have spared you——"

Estelle stooped quickly and kissed her.

"You cannot spare me better than by letting me know all," she said. "Do not be afraid for me."

Then she hurried to her own room, and, sitting down, covered her eyes for a brief moment before they rested on the fatal page, trying to steady her shaken nerves and gather strength for what madame told her would be a blow.

At first the blow did not reach her. She read the account of the inquest three times before she grasped its full import.

The first thing she understood was that there had been a railway-accident; and the throb of terror at her lover's danger was scarcely calmed by the sight of his name at a later date, proving him to have been alive.

He had been hurt, ill, in sorrow and in peril, and she had never known; she had been gay and frivolous whilst he was in such extremity! Instinctly she put up her hands and threw her pearl-bound coif and high-starched ruff aside, blushing with shame and self-reproach as she did so.

Then the leading article, strong in its theory of Tempest Mervyn's guilt, came before her, and by degrees its plainly-spoken accusation dawned upon her and filled her with high indignation.

"This is why he is silent then," she said. "He is too proud and too generous to let me share his undeserved shame. Oh, my darling, do you not know that you are ten times dearer to me for every wicked, false word they speak against you—for every blow aimed at you? How dreadful! How shameful!"—as she read on. "How can they dare to say such things of him?

"How can they believe him guilty of such a crime? As if"—with a proud toss of her head—"it were possible! They ought to be punished for writing it, and for sending a hideous calumny like that abroad over the world! No, Tempest will not let it crush him. His friends were right. His friends stood by him, they said. Oh, why was I the only one who seemed to stand aloof?"

There was a little sob in her voice as the hot angry tears fell from her wet lashes.

"What must he think of me?"

She turned to the date of the paper.

"Three weeks—three long weeks; and he has been waiting—oh, I know how he has been waiting, my own love!—for a word or a sign from me. How could he come to me and say, 'They have called me a——'" She shrank, shuddering, from the word. "'The shame we once spoke of so lightly has come on my name. Can you bear to belong to me now?' No; he could only wait—as he has waited—for me to say, 'It is nothing to me, or rather it is a great deal. I love you more truly for all you have suffered; I hate and defy all your enemies. They are mine too. I believe in you. I am more yours than ever. I will not lose another moment in telling you so.'"

She hastened to her writing-table, and wrote from her full heart such a letter as would have filled poor Mervyn with hope and courage, would have fired his spirit like new wine, and changed the whole future of the man's history, if he could but have read it. She blushed a little as she folded it up resolutely and sealed it beyond recall.

"No," she said; "I will not alter one word. He has been generous; I will be generous too. This is no time to hold back; he needs all the assurance I can give him. If he were happy and fortunate, I might perhaps not let him know all at once how much I love him. I might let him guess a little, and doubt a little"—she smiled and blushed a great deal more—"but, now that he is in trouble, I will not be ashamed to write him all; I will not be outdone in my trust, even by you, my darling!" she added tenderly, as she pressed her warm red lips to the seal his hand must break.

The early spring day-dawn was looking in upon her as she did this.

She was too much excited to sleep; so she put aside her ball-dresses, and, wrapping herself in her dressing-gown, walked up and down her room until the first stir of waking life in the household.

The first sound was the quick soft patter of Monsieur Dutertre's feet as he ran down stairs from the garret above—his sleeping apartment. Next came the opening of the green-painted shutters all over the lower part of the house, and then the lilt of Dutertre's voice in the court-yard, singing a gay little ditty which ended in "La, la, la," at every verse. After a few minutes, Estelle opened her door and went down-stairs, her letter in her hand.

The flicker of a candle—a home-made one stuck in a bottle—and a monotonous swish, swish, guided her to where Madame Dutertre was washing the family linen in a dark little room leading to her tidy kitchen.

The door was half open, and the woman's brown wrinkled face was lighted up by the illumination from her poor candle, showing in its red little circle of light, out of the dark surrounding shadows like a picture by Rembrandt or some stern realistic Flemish painter.

Estelle stood on the threshhold and bade her good day, and laid her letter and some sous down upon the table beyond the reach of the spattering soapsuds.

"I have no stamp," she said. "Will Monsieur Dutertre kindly supply one and despatch my letter by the very first post? It is important;" and, although she was beyond the circle of the dim radiance where she stood and only Madame Dutertre was

there to see, the warm color flushed to the roots of the girl's chestnut hair as she spoke.

"He will do it, mademoiselle may rest assured," the good woman answered, wiping the soap from her lean brown arms. "It shall be in good time—the letter," she added, nodding encouragingly to Estelle.

It struck Estelle, as she turned away with her softly-uttered thanks, that Madame Dutertre's face was graver, more care-laden than usual; and, as she passed the window looking into the green court where Mademoiselle Dutertre—plain mademoiselle—sat and sewed all day, with the patient industry Estelle had so often admired, she saw that the young woman's eyes were red with crying.

Then Estelle remembered that Florine had told her how Emile, the only son of the family, whose wages as an upholsterer went for so much in the household, was to go that morning to serve his year of exemption as a good citizen, in the Army. She remembered, and turned back with her ever-ready word of sympathy for the mother.

It was perhaps an hour or two afterwards when she suddenly came upon Florine in in one of her aunt's apartments.

"Madame is early in the *salon* this morning," Florine ventured, with her head in a trunk—"She has already received Monsieur le Duc de Grandvilliers."

Monsieur de Grandvilliers!

Estelle stared at the lady's-maid. She had almost forgotten the Duke's existence. He and Madame de Beaupretre's ball and Dorothy Vernon all seemed as far away as if they had belonged to another state of existence: so much had happened since that they all faded into the far distance of Estelle's mind.

Moreover, the Duke's name jarred on her; she felt him to be especially out of place in her new and overpowering circumstances.

She looked down and caught Florine's gaze fixed upon her—an earnest scrutinising gaze full of mute reproach, of doubt, of a regret which startled her into a sudden suspicion and sent the blood rushing to her very finger-tips.

What did this untimely utterly unprecedented visit of Monsieur de Grandvilliers mean? What did Florine's look mean!

Madame was usually invisible to all the outside world until late in the day.

Never before in all the time she had been with her, had Estelle known her aunt to receive a visitor, especially a gentleman-visitor, at that hour in the morning.

Such a violation of all Madame de Rougemont's habits must portend something serious.

And Estelle felt herself growing white and cold at a possible explanation which forced itself upon her.

She remembered Tempest's little burst of jealousy.

In spite of the brave self confident words with which she had answered him, she did not care just then to have to struggle with Madame de Rougemont's advocacy of a rival, a richer and more fortunate one too.

She felt instinctively that the danger Tempest had foreseen and she had treated so lightly might be more real and tangible than she had been ready to allow. Yet this journey—— She was surely misjudging her aunt and tormenting herself with foolish fears—fears for which she blushed hotly the next moment.

"The emeralds!" she exclaimed, almost aloud. "Of course he has come to receive his jewels back again. Madame would be anxious to see them safely restored and in his possession before she left home. Oh, it is nothing more than the emeralds!"

And so it seemed, for madame did not allude to the Duke's visit when she came, a few minutes later, to hurry Estelle's preparations.

"Our train leaves at three o'clock," she said; "so we have not a moment to lose. We have changed places, you and I, to-day. It is I who am busy and awake, whilst you, *paresseuse*, have been asleep and dreaming."

After that all was bustle and stir up to the moment of leaving, and Estelle had no time or opportunities to ask questions.

The *concierge* and his family attended madame and her party to the carriage, and stood at the door to speed her with respectful attention.

Dutertre especially was profuse in his civilities to both the ladies, assisting with the baggage and standing in the roadway up to the last, bareheaded, wishing them a fortunate journey and a speedy return.

"By-the-way, Victor," called his wife, as the carriage turned the corner of the street and vanished from their sight, "didst thou put the letter of mademoiselle safely in the post this morning, say?"

"Rest tranquil, my friend," rejoined her husband; "the letter is safely disposed."

Then, as soon as Madame Duterte's back was turned, he shrugged his shoulders apologetically, as he picked up a few straws here and a faded leaf there on his way back to the courtyard.

"Well, well, is it not for her own good, the poor little thing? And would I not do the same for my Valerie there?

"When one is young, one knows not the world. It is for those who are older and wiser, as madame and me, to arrange the affairs.

"In ten years she will say, 'Monsieur Dutertre was my friend. He was wise, I was foolish. I owe him much.' Monsieur le Duc is not young any longer, but is rich, he is distinguished, and he is generous, Parbleu! He is generous!

"And the letter can do no harm where it is—in madame's travelling-bag. And it was well that I stopped its journey.

"'My good Dutertre!' madame called me. And the confidence of madame is worth a good five francs from time to time—five francs of which the good wife takes no count—hein!"

With which self-gratulatory conclusion Monsieur Dutertre resumed his interrupted occupation of cutting up firewood in the court-yard, and sang over again his merry little song with the "La, la, la" in the refrain.

* * * * * * *

It was a burning June day, and Woodford Priory slept in the drowsy afternoon heat, like the enchanted castle of the Princess in the fairy-tale.

Not a breeze moved the heavy air, not a sound disturbed the sleepy stillness.

Apparently all the world of Woodford, overcome by the premature sultriness of the early summer weather, was indulging in a siesta.

The gay Easter party had broken up long since, and the house stood, shrouded in its sun-blinds and muslin curtains, silent and, for all signs of life it betrayed, deserted.

Without, in the pleasaunce, the dusky branches of the cedar-trees drooped like the ebon wings of sleep-laden night over a group gathered beneath their shadow.

Tempest Mervyn, with pinched white face and languidly-drooped hands, lay back in an invalid-chair asleep, and, at a few paces from him, on a pile of cushions heaped against the huge trunk of the century-old cedar, sat Christal Melville.

Her work lay idly on her lap, her large luminous eyes were fixed with an intent gaze on the sleeping face of the young man. The two were alone.

Tempest had had what the doctors called a relapse, in consequence of the excitement and fatigue of his attendance at the inquest.

The trained nurse had again been summoned from London, and now the first stage of his convalescence was entrusted to Christal's care.

Sir James was in London attending to his Parliamentary duties; but Lady Armstrong kind and generous, had given up the gaieties of the season for herself and her daughters in order to superintend the recovery of her son's friend, and to give him such motherly care as his condition required.

It had been a long tedious illness; but then, as Mr. Cooper said confidentially to Sir James—

"We have to deal with the mind as well as the body, and our prescriptions can't reach the mind. It's the awkwardest sort of case."

Awkward or not, Christal's interest in it was unabated. And she was such an incomparable nurse.

It was enough to make a young man content to remain permanently an invalid to have his pillows smoothed by such deft light fingers, his broths and jellies administered by such fair hands, and his slumbers watched by such beautiful eyes as those which were fixed now upon Tempest Mervyn.

It almost seemed as if the slumberer felt the intent gaze fixed upon him, as if it exercised some spell or influence over him which pierced even through the veil of sleep, for he stirred and turned uneasily his brow contracted, and now and then a low moan escaped from between his convulsed lips.

On one of these occasions Christal rose, approached him noiselessly, and laid her small white palm across his forehead.

In an instant his restlessness ceased, the troubled look became calm, and a faint smile played about his mouth.

"Estelle!" he murmured softly.

Christal's hand dropped as if it had been stung; she turned away hastily, and a quick flash like a lightening-gleam escaped from beneath her dark lashes.

"Estelle!"

It was the name with which he had awakened from his first long stupor of unconsciousness, which he had murmured more than once since in his sick-dreams.

And Christal hated that intangible name as she had never hated a living woman.

Now, as she stood there, once more watching her sleeping patient, she pictured to herself with a jealous self-torment the face of the woman who bore that name.

A dark, brown French face, with sparkling eyes and white teeth, and red lips parting always in a smile, saucy, coquettish, "the sort of shadowless, soulless woman's face which attracts the young facile fancy before the strong heart has awakened to demand deeper depths of passionate absorbing love, worthy of its manhood," said Christal to herself, contemptuous of this fancied image of her rival.

And then the young nurse's strong little hands clenched, and her lips set themselves in a thin red line.

She knew that her fate had come to her and too strong for her—how or why, she could not tell.

But the passion she had played with and scorned so often, judging herself too strong and too proud to be its slave, had taken its revenge upon her at last and held her in its strong sweet grasp, powerless against its power, weak against its strength.

Writhe and struggle as she might, she could not set herself free. Indignation, despair, a fierce scorn of herself a bitter-sweet exultation in the grand power newly developed in her, the great revelation which had come to her, a passionate jealousy of this unknown Estelle—all these followed each other swiftly through her mind as she stood, and a strong resolve shaped itself into a vow.

CHAPTER X.

CHRISTAL'S sudden emotion seemed to act in some strange disturbing way upon Tempest Mervyn's sleeping mind, for he stirred at that moment and awoke, sitting up suddenly, with a wild bewildered look around, and stammering as he asked—

"What is it? What has happened?"

"Nothing. You have been sleeping," answered Christal. And her voice was so sweet and soft, her tone so calm and restful, that it soothed him instantly back to composure.

"I have been dreaming," he said, with a sign and a wistful look at Christal.

She was pouring out a cordial, which stood on a little table near his chair; and at that moment the hand which held the phial shook out the drops more rapidly as the pulse leaped up with a sharp swift pang.

He had been dreaming of Estelle, and the sigh was for her.

Yet the smile with which Christal met that wistful glance was none the less sweet for the fierce throb of jealousy beneath it.

"I will win him from her! Why not? Her frivolous French heart does not know how to love, whilst I—— I will win him!" she said to herself.

Lady Armstrong's voice was heard in the garden, and presently her hand parted the drooping branches.

"How cool and pleasant it is here," she said, as she sank into a chair; "and how fortunate it is that the weather is so fine and warm! You ought to live out of doors, Mr. Mervyn. I read somewhere in an account of the Franco-Prussian war that the wounded men who were under canvas got on much faster than those in hospital. The air has such curative power! I declare you are looking much better already! Christal will soon have you off the sick-list."

"I hope so," he answered. "I have burdened her and your kindness long enough, Lady Armstrong."

"Please don't say anything of the kind," said her ladyship; "we are so glad. And as for Christal, you are a patient, you know, and that is what a nurse delights in."

"Yes," put in Christal, as she quietly arranged her table with its little invalid luxuries, its fruit and flowers, its books, papers, et-cetera; "my occupation will be gone when you are well."

"You are very good," he said, following her light graceful movements with his eyes.

Lady Armstrong was rustling some letters in her hand; her silk dress also rustled, and the chair she sat on cracked; good and kind as she was, she was one of those women who are demonstrative in all their movements, large and generally expansive.

The little irritating sounds jarred involuntarily upon Mervyn's nerves.

He contrasted the soothing repose of Christal's manner, her noiseless movements with the rasping discord of poor Lady Armstrong's.

"I have just had a letter from Sir James," said her ladyship. "He is coming down to-night, and will stay a week. It is very hot in town—quite insufferable, he says. I am glad we are in the country; London heat is so trying. I declare I have forgotten to order the carriage to fetch Sir James from the station! I must go in and do it at once."

She rustled away again, and Mervyn breathed a sigh of relief.

Christal dropped quietly down amongst her cushions and plied her busy, silent needle again.

And Mervyn watched her, lulled by the monotonous action, and wondered where the difference between the two women lay.

At the same moment Lady Armstrong was saying to Janet:

"It is fortunate that Christal is not susceptible, and that poor young Mervyn's circumstances absorb him so completely, poor fellow. Otherwise the thing would be dangerous; for Christie is an ideal nurse, and the whole thing is romantic."

"Christie is so matter-of-fact in her work," Janet answered; "and, as you say, mamma, she is not susceptible."

Both Lady Armstrong and Janet were easy, good-natured people, who would have been quite content under any phase of the circumstances.

Lady Armstrong's duty as a chaperon seemed, by the view she chose to take of the matter, to be quite unnecessary.

Christal's profession—as she liked to call it—put her outside of certain conventionalities.

Another person who came presently on the scene was equally blind.

Sir James Armstrong had his own hopes and views with respect to Christal, and he had unlimited faith in her sense, and believed her to be absorbed in what he considered a very practical and sensible hobby of the moment.

He was mainly interested just now in trying to rouse Mervyn and bring him back to a hopeful and active view of life as he regained strength and health.

"You have a three months' extension of leave," he announced cheerfully to the young man. "What do you say to a yachting tour? Geordie talks of a trip to Norway and Sweden. It would be just the thing for you. It would about fill up your leave, and you would go back all right."

"I shall not go back," said Mervyn. "I am sending in my resignation to the Horse Guards."

"Your resignation?" echoed Sir James, startled. "You mustn't do that, my dear fellow! Why, bless my soul, it's the most ill-advised, impolitic thing you can do! How will the world interpret your action when it is announced in the *Gazette*? Think better of it—think better of it."

"It is too late," Tempest Mervyn replied wearily; "my letter was posted to-day."

"I'm sorry to hear it—very sorry indeed!" the Baronet declared with emphasis. "Why, Christie, had you no better counsels to give your patient? Did you encourage this suicidal proceeding?"

"No," answered Christal, looking up from the church-embroidery which befitted her nun-like aspect, "I did not know of it. How should I, uncle? I too am sorry," she added, with a glance over at Tempest.

They were sitting out on the grassy slope leading down to the flower-garden, Christal with her work, Tempest leaning listlessly back on the smooth-shaven grass, doing nothing, caring for nothing, in the half-despairing, utterly forlorn mood which had fallen on him ever since he woke up to the reality of his position.

Sir James was pacing excitedly up and down on the wide terrace-path above their heads, looking down upon the listless young man.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Popping the Question.

BY HERO VANE.

"YOU don't dare do it," laughed Carrie Fuller.

"Yes, I do dare, and will!" answered Daisy Brown, flushing a wee bit angrily; for the bevy of girls around her had been teasing her most unmercifully all the evening about Henry Keene, "the stately," as they termed him.

The gentleman in question was reading law under her father, Judge Brown, and was noted far and wide for the icy reserve of his manners, or, as Lily White called it, "his general un-come-at-ableness."

This evening the girls of the village had met at Daisy Brown's home to discuss the leap-year ball to be held at the Town Hall, and it being decided that Daisy should invite and take Henry Keene, Carrie Fuller had mischievously dared her to go still further, and ask him to marry her.

"A box of Jouvin's best against—well, anything you choose to wager, Daisy, that your heart fails you in the 'supreme!'" Nellie Smith cried merrily.

"I accept the wager and will give you a box of the best if it does fail me," she replied, defiantly.

"I'll 'pop the question' to him next Thursday night, just so surely as my name is Daisy Brown."

"But how are we to know?" they chorused.

"Any or all of you may come on home here in advance of me at the close of the ball and secrete yourselves in the conservatory.

"I will follow more leisurly with Mr. Keene, and in the hall I will ask him for a few minutes' conversation; and when we are inside and surrounded by the flowers, I will at once proceed to offer my heart and hand," she concluded, laughing nervously as she thought of the ordeal.

A ringing, triumphant laugh greeted this decision, and after a little more desultory chatting, the girls separated to go to their homes, leaving Daisy alone to her by no means pleasant thoughts of the coming trial.

The girls had literally provoked her into consenting to the wild scheme; and although she half wished she had utterly refused, she knew at what a cost it would have been.

She would have exposed herself to their merciless sarcasm; and she, with all a girl's morbid sensitiveness, dreaded this immeasurably.

Truth to say, Daisy scarcely understood her feelings towards the grave, silent man, who had been an inmate of her father's house for a little over a year.

He treated her with respectful deference invariably whenever they were together; but he never seemed especially desirous of being with her.

At times, though, Daisy thought that his brown eyes wore a tenderer look when they were gazing on her; and how she feared, if she were to do what she had rashly promised, she would lose his respect—a thought little Daisy did not particularly relish.

"I'm 'in for it,'" she mentally soliloquized, making a little mouth at herself in the mirror; "and I could just pinch myself for being so foolish! How am I ever to get through with it?"

And her dark eyes swam in tears with mortification at the thought.

* * * * * * *

"Father says 'forewarned is forearmed.' I will tell Mr. Keene—that I will, if she is my sister. She had no business to say she'd do it; and besides, he was really good to me yesterday, and gave me that knife that I've wanted so long. He shall know all about it right away, and then, if he doesn't want to be courted and 'bothered to death' by those tiresome girls, he just needn't go to the ball."

And Daisy's hopeful young brother gathered up his marbles from beneath the open window of the room in which the fair conspirators were sitting and marched off to Mr. Keene's room where he beat a rapid tattoo on the door before receiving permission from within to enter.

Going straight up to Henry's side he said—

"I say, you were really good to give me that knife, and so I am going to tell you something."

"Well, my little man, what is it?" he questioned, with a slow smile that lighted up his grave features wonderfully.

"Now you'll whistle when you know," the boy exclaimed. "You see, Daisy and all the other girls were together just now, and they've made a bargain to put up a job on you."

"Daisy is to take you to the leap-year party, and she's going to court you, after you get back home and go into the conservatory, and all the girls are going to hide and listen. What'll you do about it?" breathlessly questioned Johnnie.

Again the slow smile dawned on the man's face and he answered—

"I can't tell yet, Johnnie, what I shall do. You'll know sometime, may be. Run off to play now. I must return to my studies."

The boy scampered away, feeling that he had done his duty to his friend.

Henry Keene picked up his book and vainly tried to centre his mind on its contents, but between him and its pages visions of Daisy Brown's fair piquant face, bright dancing eyes, and witching ways floated.

But at last he decided on his plans, and then he had nothing more to do but to watch Daisy as closely as possible till the night of the ball.

Poor girl!

As the days slipped by she became more and more nervous, and her nervousness almost reached a climax when on the eventful evening she asked him to "allow her the pleasure of escorting him to the ball."

"I shall enjoy going with you, Miss Daisy," he promptly responded, and then with more of playfulness than she had ever seen him evince he continued—"I shall expect to be well taken care of, and must request you to bring me home by twelve o'clock at the very latest. My mother," this with a little affected air, "does not allow me to sit up late."

Daisy smiled faintly, but promised to bring him home at the appointed hour.

And so they went off together, he livelier than ever before, she feigning a cheerfulness she by no means felt.

At the ball, while under her companion's observation, Daisy bravely went through her part, dancing and promenading with Mr. Keene.

He accepted those attentions as his due, and poor Daisy while rendering them was in a state of distraction almost as her fancy pictured the awkwardness of the position in which she would be placed a short time hence solely through her own wilfulness.

She imagined his look of cold surprise when she should propose to him, and nearly lost all self-control as she thought of losing his respect and esteem by her own act.

With nervous dread she saw each of her mates quietly taking her leave according to her directions a few minutes before the mystic "noon of night."

Promptly at that hour Mr. Keene arose, and placing the tips of his fingers on her arm, said—

"May I trouble you to take me home now Miss Daisy?"

"Certainly, with pleasure," she stammered, blushing rosily.

The walk home was performed in almost total silence.

In the great hallway Daisy said, confusedly—

"Will you come with me into the conservatory? I have something to say to you."

"It will give me great pleasure to listen to you," he said, bowing in his old stately, courteous manner.

Daisy led the way, trembling like a leaf, to where she knew her companions were concealed awaiting them.

As they walked down the perfumed aisles, her heart beat so loudly that she felt sure he must hear it; and in very desperation thinking to have it all over, she presently stopped by a tall oleander and began—

"Mr. Keene, you must have seen by my attentions to you that I—I—I love you, and I now make you an offer of—of my heart and hand. Will you marry me?"

"Yes, Daisy dear, I accept your kind offer, and will marry you," he replied, coolly.

Daisy burst into a passion of tears at this, and started away from him, but he laid a detaining hand on her just as a suppressed "Oh!" came from the neighborhood of the door leading into the hall, and presently in the soft light he saw three girlish figures glide silently out and close the door noiselessly behind them.

Then—

"Daisy, my darling," he said, speaking in low intense voice, "Have you regretted your words already? You ought to be more light-hearted now that I have promised to make you happy."

"Oh, please let me go," she begged. "I know I've behaved shamefully, but it is only in fun.

"Oh don't despise me!" she cried, the hot tears chasing each other rapidly down her flushed cheeks.

"We will drop the 'fun' then, Daisy, and speak seriously," he said, seeing how thoroughly mortified she was.

"I will be your suitor, darling, and offer you my hand and heart. Will you accept them? Will you be my wife, Daisy?"

There was no mistaking the earnest passion in his voice.

Daisy ceased sobbing, and looked up in open-eyed wonder.

"Yes, dearest, I love you," he continued, "and have loved you in secret for many months, though I feared to disclose it lest you should spurn it and me. Forgive me, but for the last few days I have dared to hope that you are not indifferent to me. Can you not learn to love me? Will you give your sweet self to me for my very own? Ah dear, I love you so!"

He drew her, no longer resisting, to his breast, and emboldened by her shy nestling in his bosom, he pressed not one, but many kisses on the ripe red lips.

"Answer me, little one," he concluded presently, with tender authority in his tones.

"And you don't hate me for behaving so?" she whispered.

"No; not unless you persist in not accepting me. Is it 'yes' or 'no?'"

"Ye-es," she murmured, so low he scarcely heard it.

But he was satisfied, and he forgot his stateliness in the rush of happiness that filled his heart.

"What will the girls say?" she asked after awhile.

"Why, let them say whatever they will," he laughed. "Tell Miss Nellie she shall not lose her wager, neither shall you yours. In gratitude to her for provoking you into a proposal, she shall have her 'box of Jouvin's best;' and for you, I hope to buy all your gloves for the rest of my life."

"Why how did you know?" she asked in astonishment. "I did not tell you of our foolish bet."

"But a certain good little elf did, for which I am eternally his debtor. Johnnie contends that 'forewarned is forearmed,'" he said, laughingly.

"And so that brother of mine told you, did he? Only let me catch him!" she said archly.

"What will you do? Smother him with kisses, oh, girlie?"

"I guess so," laughing shyly.

Johnnie got his reward and danced at the wedding soon.

Heart Frozen.

BY A. BERNE.

"BEAUTIFUL, indeed, but cold as marble," my companion said, in reply to my exclamation of admiration, as my eyes fell for the first time on Edna Bruce.

I see her now as she stood under the large chandelier in Madame de Lasolle's *salon*, the full light showing only beauty, revealing no defects.

She was very tall; the black velvet dress, which fitted her superb figure to perfection, fell in heavy folds to her feet, unrelieved by one inch of trimming.

It was closed to the throat with diamond buttons, and a small diamond star fastened the soft lace collar.

Her round white arms were bare without any bracelets to break their pure outline.

Her hair, black as midnight, was simply gathered into a heavy knot behind, and fastened by a silver arrow studded with diamonds.

But the face; how can I describe it?

Pale as marble, the regular features were perfect as those of a statue; the eyes were large and black and full of intelligence.

When I looked at her she was leaning against a tall marble pedestal, upon which stood a basket of crimson flowers, and their vivid color heightened the effect of her pale, statuesque beauty.

"Who is she?" I asked.

"Our new belle, Miss Edna Bruce. She is the rage just now; don't you see how the plain girls ape the simplicity of her dress? Sometimes it is a white satin, black or white lace, but always high in the neck, and in that style of rich simplicity."

"But who is she?"

"The most stately, cold, unfeeling piece of statuesque beauty in the world. With all her stately airs she is an arrant flirt; drives the men crazy with her music, her wit, her intellectual powers, and above all, her beauty."

"Introduce me!"

"Willingly! Guard your heart."

Vain warning; it was already gone, and an hour's conversation, revealing the mine of rich thought, only fascinated me still more.

Weeks passed, and found me still the ardent lover of Edna Bruce, yet without one ray of hope that I could ever touch her heart.

Always gentle and courteous, she seemed cold, hard, and impenetrable as marble.

Nothing touched her. I had seen her escape death in a frightful form by just missing a heavy stone which fell from an unfinished house.

And her eyes never moistened; her step was still firm and steady, and her hand did not tremble on my arm.

While my whole soul sickened at the thought of the fearful peril, she continued her quiet flow of conversation as if nothing had occurred to interrupt it.

If merriment was all around, she smiled a cold, forced smile with her lips; but it was evident her heart was not in it.

Cold as marble she was called, and my heart could not but echo the universal sentiment.

To me, this torturing coldness became at length almost maddening.

I dared not speak my love, for her wit was often sarcastic, and I dreaded a stinging refusal.

One evening I found her at home, alone.

It was a rare privilege, and I was tempted to give voice to the love filling my soul. The piano stood open, and I took the vacant stool.

"Do you play, Mr. Lynde?"

"Only by ear. Shall I sing for you?"

She left her seat and came slowly to the instrument. Leaning upon it and facing me, she said, quietly, "Yes, sing!"

I remember an old-fashioned love-song that I had found amongst my mother's music, and after a simple symphony I began to sing.

My whole heart went forth with the tender words, and I sang passionately.

My eyes were fixed on her face, and for the first time, I read deep feeling there. Paler she could not be; but the full lips became ashy white, the large eyes dilated with some deep terror or horror, and her whole frame shook with violent emotion.

I finished the first verse before she spoke; then, in a hoarse whisper, she said:

"Stop! do not sing any more. Stop, for pity's sake!"

Clasping her hands together, she stood erect, and then fell forward upon her face.

I sprang to raise her, but she slowly rose herself, motioning me back.

Staggering to a chair, she beckoned me to come to her.

I took a low seat at her side.

"You love me," she said in a low voice. "I have known it for a long time, and have earnestly tried to chill your unhappy passion. I can never be your wife; I can never, never love you. You are wrong to let that look of grief come on your face. Rather thank fortune that I am candid with you."

"In time——" I began.

"Never! Yet I will trust you as a friend, for I know you are good and noble. I will tell you the story of my life. Two short years ago, I was the merriest, blithest girl of my circle of friends; then I loved——"

Her voice became firm again; but, oh, the wailing agony that shone up in her eyes!

"I cannot trust myself to speak of the man I loved," she continued; "but I gave him all the passionate devotion of a young, warm heart. More, more! Oh, how I loved that man! Lawrence! Lawrence!"

Her figure rocked back and forth, and her hands clenched with her terrible passion.

"We were married by special license privately, for he was, he said, very poor, and I knew my father would not consent to our marriage; so we were to wait till I was of age before we owned our love to him.

"One night, one terrible night, we were together, and he was singing to me, singing the song you sang just now, when through the low window came a crowd of men, officers of the law, seeking my husband—a notorious forger, who had escaped from the law in his native city, after murdering his own brother, whose name he had forged to the amount of his whole fortune. He resisted the men, fought desperately, and was shot dead before my face—falling at my feet—his death-glance fastened on me——"

After a while she resumed "Go—leave me now! But when your hear of Edna Bruce, the cold, unfeeling girl, shut up her secret in your heart and pity her!"

I tried to speak; but she only repeated, "Go! go!" And I left her.

The next day I called. She was gone. One year later, I saw in the paper an obituary notice of my beautiful idol, and I knew that her early death was brought on by the broken heart hidden by the face "cold as marble."

A RACE FOR A WIFE.—No crime in Lapland, saving that of murder, is punished more severely or summarily than is the marrying of a young woman against the express wishes of her parents. Those worse crimes are wholly unknown in that chilly, sombre clime. The blood of the people never boils, save with that anger or indignation which is inseparable from sense; and warmth of spirit is a thing called into being by the will, rather than an involuntary passion, making the whole body captive.

A Lapland courtship is rather a pleasant conception, and one under which the rights of all are preserved. A young lady is not forced to look a suitor in the eye, and tell him she does not love him; nor shall she be forced to give her reasons. Nothing of the kind. The parents of the damsel, when her hand has been asked in marriage by one whom they are willing to accept, say to one another, "Now, see. If our daughter will have this man, we will accept him for a son. Let the case be decided, even as it was decided when Lulea of the Glen turned in her flight, and bowed the head to Lapp-Alten. It shall be done."

Accordingly information is given to the damsel that a suitor has applied for her hand. Perhaps she knows the young man; while it may be that she never saw him.

However, on a day appointed, the damsel and her parents, with their chief friends, together with the suitor and his friends, come together, and sit at meat; the suitor and the object of his desires being placed opposite to one another, so that they can converse freely, and each view the other's face.

When the feast is concluded, the company repair to an open space, where the "race for a wife" is to be run.

The distance marked off is generally a quarter of a mile,—and the girl is let out in advance of the starting point about the third of the whole distance, so that if she be at all fleet of foot, and so desires, she can easily avoid the suitor; for, if he do not overtake her before she reaches the end of the race she is free and he may never trouble her again.

In this way, it will be seen, a modest maiden is spared all perplexity, or possible shame of refusal. If she does not wish the young man for a husband, she has but to keep her back to him, and make for the goal, which she is sure to reach if she wishes; while, on the other hand, if the suitor has pleased her, and she will have him, she has only to lag in her flight, and allow him to overtake her; and, if she be particularly struck—if she would signify to the lover that his love is returned—she can run a short distance, then stop and turn, and invite him with open arms.

The Lapps are not a moral people, nor excessively honest, but their marriage relations are, as a rule, happy and peaceful.

AMIABLE gentleman seizes decanter of cider and is prodigal in his attentions therewith to his neighbors. "Madame, a little cider?" "Thank you, sir, but I fear I am robbing you." "Cider, sir?" "You are very kind, but you have given me all there was in the decanter and kept none for yourself." Amiable gentleman—"That's all right! Now I'll ring for some fresh cider—that was getting to be a little stale!"

Bric-a-Brac.

SERPENTS.—Pliny and others relate that Attilius, a Roman general, killed a serpent one hundred and twenty feet long, near Utica.

PARLIAMENT OF BATS.—The English Parliament which met in February, 1426 was called the Parliament of Bats, since the members, being ordered to wear no swords, attended armed with clubs or bats.

CURIOUS TASTE.—In 1800, a French prisoner at Liverpool exhibited a most extraordinary propensity to devour nauseous diet, particularly cats, of which in one year he ate one hundred and seventy-four, and many of them while alive.

MARCH.—March was the first month of the year among the early Romans, and it continued to be so in several countries till a comparatively late period, the legal year beginning, even in England, on the 25th of March, until the change of style in 1752.

BEDLAM.—The word "Bedlam" came from the English. In 1547 London founded her first lunatic asylum and called it Bethlehem. The name was soon shortened to "Bedlam." The inmates being very noisy, the place was spoken of as "a perfect Bedlam."

SLEEP OF FISHES.—Whether or not fishes have intervals of sleep, like the land animals with which we are familiar, has but just been decided. The curious behavior of a dozen carp in the Berlin aquarium attracted attention and investigation showed that the fish when in certain positions in which they would remain for hours were in reality asleep. Some of them slept so soundly that only repeated blows or shaking would awaken them.

THE OLDEST.—Damascus is the oldest city in the world. Tyre and Sidon have crumbled on the shore; Balbec is a ruin; Palmyra is buried in a desert; Nineveh and Babylon have disappeared from the Tigris and the Euphrates. Damascus remains what it was before the days of Abraham—a centre of trade and travel; an isle of verdure in the desert; "a presidential capital," with martial and sacred associations extending through thirty centuries.

THE PLAGUE OF LONDON.—During the last great plague in London, one pit was dug in the Charter-house, forty feet long, sixteen feet wide, and twenty feet deep, and in a fortnight received eleven hundred and fourteen bodies. During this dire calamity, there were instances of mothers carrying their own children to these public graves; and of people delirious, or in despair for the loss of friends, who threw themselves alive in these pits.

CANNIBALISM.—Cannibalism has existed among all savage nations. St. Jerome says some British tribes ate human flesh; and the Scots from Galloway killed and ate the English in the reign of Henry the First. Scythians were drinkers of human blood. Columbus found cannibals in America. The aborigines of the Caribbee Islands were cannibals; and some South American tribes and most of the natives of the South Sea Islands, make it an open practice to eat human flesh; while in some African cities it is openly sold by the pound.

THE SPIDER.—In Northamptonshire the little spiders known as money-spinners prognosticate good fortune when thrown over the left shoulder of the person on whom they alight. To find a spider on your clothes is an omen of coming wealth—a superstition improved by Fuller, the antiquarian:—"When a spider is found upon our clothes, we used to say some money is coming towards us. The moral is this: Such who imitate the industry of that contemptible creature, by God's blessing weave themselves into wealth, and procure a plentiful estate."

THE SOUTH OF THE DOOMED.—Along the Dardanelles may be constantly seen clouds of aquatic birds of dusky plumage, bending their restless course to or from the Black Sea, only during storms pausing for a moment to rest their weary wings on the fair green spots of earth that woo them on every side; and these Turks believe to be the souls of the damned, which are permitted, during a period of elementary commotion, to revisit the spot where their mortal bodies moulder; and there mourn together over the crimes and judgment of their misspent existence upon earth, while during the gentler seasons, they are compelled to pass incessantly within sight of the localities they loved in life, without the privilege of pausing even for one instant in the charmed flight to which they are condemned for all eternity.

GO OUT TO SEE A MAN.—This expression, which is often heard, was originated by "Artemus Ward." The story of its inception is as follows: Once the lamented humorist was engaged to fill an evening in the lecture course of a popular literary institution of a New England city. During the lecture an individual who occupied a seat on one of the front benches seemed determined to resist the speaker's efforts to make him laugh. Artemus soon discovered both the listener and his intention, and concentrated all his powers on him. For a long time it seemed as if the man had the best of it, but by and by one of Ward's queer conceits took effect. The obstinate fellow gave way and laughed and kicked like a delighted schoolboy. Artemus celebrated his victory by coolly announcing to his audience: "Ladies and gentlemen, this will terminate the first act, and we will drop the curtain for a few moments; while the scenery is being arranged for the next act the lecturer will take the occasion to go out to see a man," and with perfect sang froid he left the platform for the ante-room, where he refreshed himself with a pull from a flask of old Bourbon.

HAUNTED.

BY W. H. C.

Like unto ghosts that come when darkness broods
  O'er tower and turret of some castle hoary,
And people once again its solitudes
  With shades of vanished glory;

From out the haunted chambers of our hearts,
  Where all the lost things of the Past lie hidden,
Some subtle incense will, as day departs,
  Steal softly forth unbidden.

Incense from off the altar of dead dreams,
  Whereon new hopes to higher heights have risen,
And calmly shining, shed down milder beams,
  To gild this earthly prison.

But still a mournful sweetness hovers round
  These mystic phantoms from the heart's recesses;
The tender touch of lips that yield no sound—
  The sheen of silken tresses;

The nameless tokens of the dear dead days,
  The twilight trysts by moonlit waters smiling,
The golden sunsets wrapt in dreamy haze;
  The spell of Love's beguiling.

The rapture of a summer long ago,
  The song that came and went in broken numbers,
The holy hush of Death, the brow of snow,
  The churchyard where she slumbers;

The tender pressure of a vanished hand,
  The broken chain that time must further sever,
The merry laughter of the childish band,
  The voices hushed forever.

Strains of sad music from a far-off shore—
  Mute memories these that woo with soft caresses,
And tinge with sacred radiance evermore
  Life's lonely wildernesses.

ARDEN COURT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY MARGERIE."

CHAPTER XXX.—[CONTINUED.]

IT was a twofold life Nora led. Her physical nature demanded incessant action to vent and smother the stronger feelings she could not crush, and the mental fever was scarcely calmed by the exhaustion of the bodily frame.

Many a night, after a day of active exertion, of benevolent deeds, of suffering relieved, of misery turned into happiness and joy, saw Nora sitting over her warm, bright fire, wrapped in her dressing-gown, lingering there till sleep came to her eyes, and weariness to her brain.

It was so dreary to look forward. Life seemed so blank. Even the reflected happiness of others was scarcely sufficient to supply the great want of her restless heart. She was thankful, peaceful, resigned; but she was only nineteen, and she needed more than peace and resignation to testify the intense love and longing for love that possessed her.

Still, Nora Norton found what she had never known before—self-knowledge, humility, and gentle womanliness.

And so the Winter passed; and when April had gradually blended into May—when the bright sun, and the soft air, and the blossoming flowers, bade all Nature rejoice—she began to pine for other scenes and other occupations.

"Let us go back to the dear old home, uncle," she said. "Lewis will soon be able to run down to us for the vacation, and in August he will come altogether. I am longing for flowers and fresh air."

Nora's wish was always law to her doting uncle, and in less than a week they were established at their country house. But before they left London a brief note reached Jasper Talbot, through the publisher who had been his chief patron. It ran thus:—

"You will not mistake me, my friend, when I take this mode of addressing you. I know the tender, sensitive nature of your wife, and I should be loth to give her a moment's pain. But I cannot leave London without one word of entreaty, that if sorrow or difficulty befall either you or the friend of my happy girlhood, you will at once let me be the favored friend to whom you make known your sorrow.

"I have much in my power, and a heart full of kindly anxiety and regard for you both; and I would say with the woman of old, 'If you have indeed deemed me worthy of your trust and confidence, grant me this favor.' I only ask it should sorrow or sickness befall you. I know that so long as that is averted from you, it is best that our paths should be entirely distinct.

"You have a tender and precious flower intrusted to your keeping, Jasper. Guard it, and cherish it, as it deserves. I know her nature: it is pure and lovely, and her mind is as beautiful as her person. May Heaven bless and preserve you both!

"NORA NORTON."

"Noble girl! peerless, beautiful Nora!" was the ejaculation with which Jasper Talbot read this letter.

For a time he hesitated whether to reply to it; then he determined, in justice to himself and to her who had displayed such touching devotion, such noble purity, and singleness of heart, to at least acknowledge her generous offer. He therefore wrote the following:—

"I know that you would despise me were I to say more, and yet I should be ungrateful to say less than this, in reply to your letter. From my heart I thank you for the past and the present, and I believe I comprehend you so well, that I cannot show my deep gratitude more truly than by giving you the assurance you condescend to ask.

"Nora, I told you that all which may ever be good in me is your work. I tell you again that you are, and ever will be, the guardian angel of my life: and yet I thank God that I can from my heart say, that I love and cherish the wife whom I have sworn to protect and guard, and that she is very dear to me.

"I will obey you in all things, Nora. Minnie will, I hope, live to taste the happiness she deserves, and I trust you will never have cause to blush for him whom you have distinguished by a regard more precious and more prized than the wealth of the Indies. If I have not clearly expressed myself, you will at least understand me. I can fearlessly meet your eyes Nora, and receive Minnie's sweet, womanly love, without a pang of self-reproach. If fate has been against me, my conscience is clear. God bless you, Nora.

"JASPER TALBOT."

As Nora read this letter a bright smile came over her countenance.

"He is true!" she murmured; "true to her. I can now think of him—love him, without a blush. At least I can bear such pain better than your gentle self. I can suffer and be strong."

Her beautiful dark eyes were turned reverently in humble gratitude to the clear starry heavens above. Truth and sorrow were indeed working healthfully with Nora Norton

CHAPTER XXXI.

A STORMY interview succeeded the entrance of Florence Horton into the nursery on the night when Sir Guy Capel yielded to the fascinations of the youthful governess of his child, and for the first time gave the confidence that had ended so innocently yet so disastrously.

But Mrs. Escourt displayed a generalship that did her credit, when the first surprise of the communication made to her by Florence had passed.

"Guy, I could not have believed it of you," she said, with touching sadness; "you, a father, the mourning widower, the man of honor! It is most incredible. Had not Florence herself witnessed it, I should have discredited the tale as idle scandal. Poor Flo, she is quite knocked down. She is so devoted to you, and so fond of Hilda; and has so few relatives, that she naturally regards you as a brother."

Sir Guy listened with mingled impatience, and a sort of convicted self-reproach, that was almost comical.

"My dear Elise," said he, "for Heaven's sake do not make such a fuss about nothing at all. The thing is really too absurd. Miss Halloway has been extremely kind and self-sacrificing to my child; and I find that her feelings and position are such as to deserve kindness and protection at my hands. I may have carried my gratitude a step too far; but I am sure the girl is too innocent and too devoted to her duties for any evil thoughts to enter her mind. I am certain she took the slight liberty as it was meant, an assurance of kindly regard and gratitude."

"I trust so," said Mrs. Escourt, looking charmingly attentive and meditative. "I trust so, Guy. But you must remember that young girls, so completely cast on the world, naturally catch at any attention, and interpret it according to their wishes.

"And you are still young, and handsome, and attractive, my cousin, and must pay the penalty of such gifts."

Sir Guy was human, and precisely in a position and at an age when such honeyed words were sweet.

"Nonsense, Elise," said he. "Miss Halloway is scarcely more than half my age. Remember, I am thirty-one, and I think she can scarcely be seventeen."

"The more reason," said Mrs. Escourt, "why you should be careful of her extreme youth and inexperience, Guy."

"Then what do you want, Estelle?" he asked.

"I confess, dear Guy, that—now don't be angry,"—she said, "I must frankly say, that I could hardly think it safe and right for her to remain after the intimacy in which you appear to have fallen during Lina's illness."

"Then you mean to dismiss her, Elise?" said Sir Guy, quickly.

Mrs. Escourt did not like the tone and took which accompanied these words.

"Well," said she, "that is a very harsh way of putting it, Guy. I did certainly think that I should scarcely feel comfortable after what has passed; and, of course, whenever you see fit to settle at home, and take Lina from us, it would be impossible for so young a girl to be in your house.

"Therefore I did quite make up my mind to tell her so at once. She has been foolish and cowardly and must pay some penalty."

"She has been neither," replied Sir Guy; "and she shall remain in charge of my child as long as she will undertake the office."

Mrs. Escourt's cheeks flushed; bitter words rose to her lips, but she suppressed them with a strong effort.

"This is singular language, Guy, after all that has passed," said his cousin.

"Pardon me," said he. "I know I am under obligations to you; but still, when a young and friendless girl is concerned, you must excuse my warmth. I should not be a man if I could permit her to suffer innocently, where the trifling error was mine, and mine alone."

"That is dear Florence's sentiment;" exclaimed the lady, suddenly.

"Ah, Guy, you little know that girl's noble, kind heart. I confess she was startled and pained at the involuntary discovery she made, but she pleaded for Miss Halloway from the first, and begged me to pass the whole thing over, especially as Lina is so fond of her."

"Is that the case, Elise?" said Sir Guy, smiling brightly. "I certainly did not interpret the expression of her face to mean that."

"Perhaps not," said Mrs. Escourt. "She was taken by surprise, and her own sense of delicacy is so acute.

"But I assure you, when she began to reflect on it, that was her feeling; and, for her sake, I have been thinking over the best mode of arranging this matter."

"By dismissing the poor girl!" said Sir Guy. "Is that the result of your deliberations, Elise?"

"Well, Guy, if you had not opposed it, I should have considered it the most prudent course, and have used my influence for her in other quarters," replied Mrs. Escourt. "Still, as you are anxious that it should not seem to follow immediately on this business, and Florence also pleads for her so earnestly, I will willingly yield to your wishes, and propose another plan that has just occured to me."

Mrs. Escourt was silent for a few minutes.

"I was talking yesterday, Guy, to Dr. Farren about my husband, who is daily getting weaker and more distressingly oppressed with the malady that threatens his life," she continued. "I feel that something should be done for him, even against his wishes.

"Dr. Farren says that a consultation of physicians is desirable, and that they will probably advise mineral baths for several months.

"Now I really cannot take on myself the responsibility and care of such formidable charges alone.

"Will you go with us Guy, and play a brother's part to Florence and me? Then Lina can be left here under the care of Nurse Allen and the housekeeper, and this young woman can remain with her till we return home; and who knows what changes may take place before then!"

Mrs. Escourt sighed most becomingly, and Sir Guy was silent for a time.

Thoughts, and plans, and memories floated through the baronet's brain.

Elise had not succeeded in blinding him entirely, though he could scarcely attribute to one so fair, and candid, and gentle as Florence the treachery and hypocrisy that any doubts of her truth must entail.

At last he decided on his course.

"Elise," said he, "we will compromise our respective plans. I will gladly be of service to you in so painful an emergency, and accompany you and Florence till you are completely and finally settled wherever you are resolved to go. But, meanwhile, my child cannot be an inmate of your empty mansion, while mine remains solitary and untenanted. Lina and her attendants shall be moved to Springdale during our absence. Good old Mrs. Winslow will take care that all is safe and comfortable for them; and it is the fitting resting-place for my child and probable heiress. Nay, do not look so suspicious, Elise. For the sake of my child, and for the sake of the young girl herself, you may be sure that I should not compromise Miss Halloway unless under suitable chaperonage. Be satisfied on that score, Elise."

At that moment, luckily perhaps for the sisters, Florence herself glided into the room, looking very charming, in her white cashmere dress, with its rich blue plush trimmings.

She turned from one to the other of the grave faces, and an anxious look came over her own features.

"You seem as if you had been discussing some weighty matter, you two," she said playfully. "May I not be umpire?"

Sir Guy smiled relentingly.

There was much womanly softness in Florence's arch tones.

She was never unfeminine or "fast" in her raillery.

"I can scarcely say that, cousin mine," he replied, "for I am a terribly obstinate person when I take it into my head and feel that I am right. But at least you can help me with your sanction if you side with me; if not, I fear I shall have to retract my offer altogether."

"And what is it?" she asked, placing herself in a low chair, her fair face looking up winningly at Sir Guy, and her hand laid on his arm. "What is it, Guy? I cannot think you would be inaccessible either to reason or pleading if Elise and I both side against you."

He briefly explained.

Florence's color went and came for a few moments. It seemed a struggle with her; but the sweet and gentle look in her face was irresistibly bewitching when the contest was over.

"Guy is right, Elise," she said. "You can certainly believe in his honor and word. I believe that Lina, the heiress of Springdale, ought to be in her own father's house, if we are away from here; and he is very good to consent to take charge of us troublesome women in our wanderings."

"You are a true woman, Florence," he said, a bright smile breaking over his face. "You may have been somewhat perverted by admiration and love of the pleasures of your age; but there is indeed a just and noble spirit within you."

The white hand was unconsciously pressed for a moment and Elise was satisfied in her heart; but her acquiescence was given reluctantly and slowly.

"I suppose I must yield," she said; "but still, I cannot cordially approve the plan."

"But you will aid it, Elise, with your influence and your sanction?" said Sir Guy.

"Do you think I do things by halves?" said Elise; "do you suppose I give mere lip consent? No! for Flo's sake and yours, I give my sanction; and I will at once set about the needful arrangements."

Sir Guy left the room with a lightened heart.

"After all," said he, "I have done them both an injustice. And the scruples of Elise were indeed genuine and natural. And Florence! Ah, she is indeed a lovely girl. And yet I am not drawn towards her as I am to that poor orphan. But that is folly—terrible folly."

And he strove to dismiss the said "folly" from his mind.

The preparations were at once hurried forward.

The old mansion at Springdale was hastily prepared for the reception of its young mistress, or rather heiress presumptive.

Mrs. Winslow, the housekeeper, was in a perfect flutter of delight and excitement.

The suite of rooms that had been from time immemorial the nursery and schoolroom of the youthful members of the Capels were at once cleaned, renovated, and embellished, under her superintendence.

Sir Guy had given her *carte blanche* in money and taste. Of the former, however, little was needed.

The house contained ample means of decorating the simple suites as elegantly and luxuriously as could be desired for a youthful heiress.

The two sitting-rooms and the sleeping apartments were quickly furnished from other parts of the house; and in less than a fortnight from the day when the decision had been made, they were ready for their young occupant.

But Mrs. Escourt took care that Lina and her attendant should not be placed there too soon.

She hurried her own arrangements, though they were of a far more elaborate character, in order to correspond with the wishes of her cousin.

Mr. Escourt's compliance was readily given.

He longed for a release from his lonely sick-room, and with the restlessness of an invalid, thought that any variety must give ease and relief.

So he signed cheques, consented to every arrangement, gave powers to his absence, and finally seemed to exert himself to rally for the great change to the distant metropolis.

Elise and Florence became suddenly active and energetic to an extraordinary degree.

Even the graceful Miss Horton condescended to aid the preparations with her hands as well as her head; and thus in an incredibly short time all the changes were effected.

Lina, with her governess and nurse, was installed at Springdale, and Mr. and Mrs. Escourt, Florence, and her supposed lover, were on route for the metropolis.

During that fortnight much that was painful had wounded Hilda's heart.

The coldness of Sir Guy's manner, his apparent avoidance of her, Mrs. Escourt's scarcely concealed haughtiness, and Florence's veiled sneers had tortured her heart by turns.

Often she was ready to display the indignation that rose within her proud spirit, and reply to the covert taunts by a bitter rejoinder; but then her love for the little Lina, her utter helplessness, her consciousness that these trials were only for a time, and the prospect of peace and solitude at Springdale, silenced the impetuous taunt.

Thus, with quiet dignity, she bore and replied, by turns, the insinuations and reproaches that were heaped upon her; and Nurse Allen also comforted her in the ordeal by her honest, quaint counsel.

"Never fret, my dear, never fret," said she. "I've seen a great deal in my time, and I never yet knew such plottings and schemes come to any good. Sir Guy is not a foolish bird, to be caught by dress; and I reckon that Miss Florence is preparing her own disappointment. He'll see too much of her, or I am much mistaken."

Hilda was unaccountably comforted by this confident assurance; and yet, what was it to her?

Sir Guy might marry Florence, or break off all friendship with her; and yet her life must be unchanged.

She, the governess, the nameless orphan, what was he to her, or she to him?

Only he had been so kind, and she knew him to be so good and noble; and Florence would make him so miserable; yes, that was why she rejoiced when Nurse Allen asserted that that the scheme would be in vain.

Poor Hilda! she was young, and knew not, as yet, her own heart.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A RARE old place was Springdale.

The Hall had been built by Sir Guy's ancestors, and was full three centuries old.

It was a curious mansion, of various kinds of architecture, and would have been valuable to an antiquary as a specimen of the transition from one to another period: the white copings and red brick, and small panel windows of the old porch betraying its Elizabethan origin, while new wings and other improvements made by successive owners imparted to it quite a modernized air.

And Hilda felt the charm of the fine old domain, which was so distinct from Arden Court, and yet recalled in some degree the days of her childhood in that beloved spot.

The long, formal, stately avenue, the square towers, and shaped bushes and trees, the shrubberies, the bowling green, the terraces, all carried Hilda back to times long gone by.

She could spend hours in their shades, thinking of former days, and musing sadly on the present and the future.

Then, too, she loved to steal at twilight into the long, dreary rooms, with their rich furniture and darkened windows.

Sometimes, indeed, the old housekeeper would throw open the blinds, and disturb the heavy curtain-folds, wipe the dust from the polished mahogany, and then restore it to its original darkness and stillness; and once or twice in the year the coverings were

removed and the whole room thoroughly cleaned, the rich damask of the furniture displayed to light, and the muslin removed from the picture-frames.

Then, too, Hilda would creep into the boudoir with its now faded hangings of green and gold, which Sir Guy Capel had fitted up for his beautiful bride, and would stand for an hour before the portrait of a youthful face, which nurse Allen would show to Lina as her "beautiful mamma."

And the girl would softly whisper, "No wonder he mourns for her and is unhappy."

Then there were suites of chambers with lanced and oriel windows, old rambling corridors and passages, and picture galleries, and winding staircases, and a long vast hill piercing the whole mansion from back to front, through which the air blew fresh and cool, and where armor and statues, and banners, spoke of the old glories of the Capels.

Then there were such deep woods close by, and scarcely a hundred yards distant a lovely valley in the hollow of breezy hills, down which a rippling cascade danced in the sunbeams, and the woodland flowers nestled under the glossy evergreens.

Oh, it was a joy to Hilda to wander free and unrestrained in those romantic lovely glades; to sit in the stately terraces; to muse in the solitary woods, and to listen to all the sights and sounds of nature without any reproving voice or envious eyes to warn her back to her prison-house.

Yes, in spite of her loneliness, her orphanage, her heritage of sin and shame, her sense of wrong, and her unconfessed and hopeless love, Hilda was happy with her darling charge in that stately home.

One day, some few weeks after they had been settled in that quiet solitude, Hilda returned from one of her long rambles among the woods and hills, and, as was often her wont, sought the housekeeper's room to partake of a cup of tea, and listen to her stories of days gone by; and indeed Hilda was never weary of listening to tales of Sir Guy Capel's boyhood, of his fair and gentle mother, his lovely young wife, and his brief sojourn at the home where his happiness was of such short duration.

Hilda liked the old room with its wainscoted walls, its polished oaken floor, its old fashioned furniture, and its yet, more quaint mistress.

For a regular relic of olden time was Mrs. Winslow in her snowy cap, her muslin kerchief and cuffs, her black silk dress, and her high-heeled shoes.

And she soon became as fond of the fair young governess as Hilda was of her and of her motherly ways and formal manners.

On the afternoon in question Hilda was seated in her favorite seat by the deep windows, where she could catch a sight of the hills and woods and flowers, and here and there a tower, or slender spire in the distance.

There was one white gable just peeping out from the dark green trees that skirted the furthest hill, and Hilda's eyes were fixed upon it with unusual interest.

She had been silent for a few minutes, and then she suddenly turned to Mrs. Winslow.

"Is it inhabited?" she asked of the old lady.

"Is what inhabited, Miss Hilda?" said the old lady in some surprise.

"That pretty white cottage away on the hill," said Hilda. "I have been near it this afternoon. What a romantic place it is!"

"It must be going to ruin now, I should think," said the housekeeper, thoughtfully.

"No, I thought I saw some one moving in it; and it is in very good preservation," replied Hilda.

"But it is very lonely," said Mrs Winslow. "I should think no one would care to live there alone."

"But I am certain I saw a woman's figure there this morning, and a white dress fluttering in the garden," said Hilda. "Why should it not be inhabited, Mrs. Winslow?"

"Why not? How should I know, my dear young lady?" she replied. "Of course any one might go to live there that liked; only I thought I should have heard, for there would be sure to be a talk about it, after it's having been empty so long, Miss Hilda."

"And why was it empty?" persisted the girl.

The old lady was silent for a few minutes.

"It's a sad story, my dear, and one I don't like to think of," she said; "but, after all, it's no business of yours, nor mine either, only it's odd if it is inhabited, that is all."

"Tell me—do tell me!" persisted Hilda; "I have felt a strange curiosity about the cottage ever since I came here, and this afternoon I was determined to find my way there.

"And a pretty spot it is, with its trellised windows and green sloping lawn, and gay flowers, and picturesque gables. Oh, you must tell me all about it, dear Mrs. Winslow."

"Well, well, my dear child" said the housekeeper, "just have another cup of tea, and then I will tell you all I know, though that is not much, about the matter."

She poured out a cup of tea for the young governess, and then drawing her easy chair nearer to the window, she began her tale.

"I think it is about eighteen years ago since that cottage was last inhabited, and a bright and happy one she looked when she first came. My nephew—he was but a young fellow then—I mean the one that's in holy orders now—got a living, quite respectable, and yet was not at all ashamed of his old aunt, for he was an orphan, and I brought him up.

"Well, as I was saying, my nephew fell quite in love with her; but, dear me, she was a married lady, poor young thing, for all that she was so young and innocent-looking. Any way, she had a ring on her finger, and a gentleman used to come and stay with her very often, and sometimes she would go away with him for a week or two, or more, and the little boy and his nurse, and then come back.

"But the servants were close as wax, and no one knew anything about them, not even their name. Everything they wanted was brought for them, or else bought for ready money, and no one had a right to ask any questions; yet every one was curious about her, for she was so beautiful and so young, and with such a pretty little boy, that every one talked about her, and wondered who she was.

"She would come to church, but her veil was down, and she came early, and went almost the last, and so no one could tell much about her even then. But the gentleman never appeared at church, and indeed he was seldom seen in the village, and never stayed long at the cottage, though he came perhaps once a week or once a fortnight, and no one doubted he was her husband.

"At last the gentleman took the lady and her child away for some time—though the servants kept the cottage just the same—and then she came back again; but, oh dear, how changed! She had lost her boy, poor dear!—drowned, as I heard, in the passage from foreign parts—and she looked so woe-stricken, that it made every one's heart ache to see her.

"And then she was so beautiful in her deep mourning, and her face was so sweet and pitiful, and when she came to church the tears could be seen through her veil running down her cheeks. It was easy to see her heart was breaking.

"Then the gentleman came less frequently; and when he did come, it didn't seem to comfort her, for I thought she got paler and sadder every Sunday; and sometimes I used to go up that way on purpose, but not for curiosity, Miss Hilda; no, I'm above that, I hope, but because I really did want to know what became of the poor young creature, and longed to be of use to her.

"Once she was as near as I am to you, Miss Hilda, and the tears came in my eyes, and I had quite a choking in my throat, as I looked at her.

"She sat on the trunk of a tree, looking over the hills; but I am sure she never saw a single thing before her, for her eyes appeared bent upon nothing. And beautiful eyes they were—very like yours, Miss Hilda, only that they were blue, and yours are hazel; and, bless me! really, I must say you are like her, now that I begin to think. Yes, I remember I told Nurse Allen, when you came here, that you looked very natural, as if I had seen you before, and I believe it was her that you reminded me of, especially when you look grave and thoughtful like."

"And what became of her?" asked Hilda, slowly, as if articulation was painful to her.

"What became of her?" repeated Mrs. Winslow. "Why, that's just what neither I nor anyone in the village know. She disappeared one day in the Winter time, and never came back."

"But the servants—did they know nothing? Were they gone also?" asked Hilda, eagerly.

"Bless me, Miss Hilda, how very pale and eager you look!" exclaimed the housekeeper. "Why, it's so long ago I hardly remember. And just then my dear lady, Sir Guy's mother, was very ill, and he, a mere boy at school, was sent for in a hurry to see her, thinking she was dying; and so I don't remember surely. But yet, it does come back to me, that, when Sir Guy came, the butler that went to fetch him did tell me that the handsome-looking young fellow that belonged to the cottage on the hill was in the same coach, and that, soon after, the cottage was empty. So I suppose he shut it up, and took away the servants; and we never heard any more of them; only I knew that the place was empty when my dear lady got better again; and I'd nearly forgot about it till you asked me, Miss Hilda—I've had so many things to trouble my head since then. Still, she comes before me now, poor young creature! as pure and innocent as an angel, and so sorrowful! But, dear me, Miss Hilda, you do indeed look like a ghost! You've been taking too long a walk. Take another cup of tea, and then you'd better go to bed, and I'll bring you some cordial. You're not strong, poor dear!"

"But, did he never come again—the gentleman, I mean? Had you never any view of him?" persisted Hilda.

"Dear Miss Hilda, how curious you are!" said Mrs. Winslow. "News of him! How should I? I've often thought it was the old, old tale, that will always go on till the world is at an end. But you're too young and innocent for such things, dear young lady.

"There, drink your tea, and go and get to your bed. I'll see to Miss Lina."

Hilda obeyed the kind suggestion, so far as retiring to her room, but not to sleep, not even to go to bed.

The tale she had heard had become a startling revelation, through the imaginings of that young and ardent mind.

Surely it was no vain phantasy that applied the story to her own lost mother.

Hilda had often heard the story of her mother's death—the words she had spoken on her death-bed, the hints of the death of a baby boy by drowning, which had escaped her in her delirium.

These all recurred to her mind with startling vividness and force.

Then, too, the sudden disappearance from the cottage, the equally unexpected apparition at Arden Court at almost the same season of the year, were proofs that tallied so well as to bring conviction to Hilda's mind.

She hastily opened the inlaid box that had been given her by Bessie Arden years before, and that was the repository of all her treasures,—the miniature of her mother and of her father, and one other painful, suggestive trifle that had been carefully stored by Mrs. Hislop, and intrusted to Hilda on her death-bed.

It was but a fragment of paper, the end of a letter, as it appeared—a signature; and yet how precious it was; It bore the simple words—"Yours ever, in life and death, R. G."

That fragment has been found in poor Marian's pocket after her death.

No positive proof existed that it was from the husband of the unfortunate girl, or rather, the father of her child; and yet there could be no rational doubt of the identity of the two; and with that conviction Hilda went forth armed into the cold world.

It was nearly eighteen years since.

Death might divide her from the father, for whom, with all his crimes, her heart yearned; or, if he were still living, how, in that wide, desolate world, could she hope to encounter him? And, if they met, would he acknowledge her?

"For thirteen years you have been our child," Philip Arden had said, "and he has never come to claim you."

What a suggestive truth to poor Hilda's heart!

And as she looked on that handsome face, and the unmistakable air of high breeding and of brilliant intellect it wore, she did not wonder at her mother's weakness, that had left all for such a man.

Then Mrs. Winslow's steps were heard on the stairs.

Should she show her the miniature of her mother, and ask whether that was indeed the portrait of the sweet young tenant of the cottage on the hill?

Her eager desire to satisfy herself would have impelled the confidence; but the natural instinct that induced her to hide her own story and her mother's shame from strangers, made her pause, and hide the precious locket, ere the good woman appeared. Another time, yes, another time she might perhaps test the knowledge of the worthy dame; now it would be of little avail.

Mrs. Winslow knew no more of the sad story of her parent's wrongs than she had told.

It was but the confirmation of the belief that had come to her by instinct; and she would wait.

When the housekeeper appeared with the cup of warm cordial, and kindly reproaches that she still fingered ere seeking the rest she needed, Hilda only replied by gentle thanks, and excuses for her tardiness.

But long after midnight, when the moon rode high in the sky, and silvered the hill-side tops, she lay with her blind up, and her eyes fixed on the white speck that glittered in the distant trees.

"There my mother lived and suffered," she murmured, with quivering lips.

The whole past seemed to rise up before her—the senseless, shivering form, that had laid in the snow at the door of her betrayed lover; the subsequent agony; the calm, peaceful death; the grave under the elms at Arden: all rose up before her with vivid and real distinctness.

She lay and dreamed wakeful dreams, as she gazed at the moon; and then, when she fell asleep, she had the same images in her slumbers.

It was an unrefreshing sleep that Hilda obtained that night.

She rose later than usual; and when she at last entered the sitting-room, where breakfast was awaiting her, she found Nurse Allen in some perplexity.

Little Lina had been wakeful during the night with that childish and common trouble, her teeth, which were beginning to assert their transitory nature, and to require a dentist's care—so the experienced nurse declared; and she also pronounced that the "poor dear would be in a fever if she went on like that; and it must have some cause in some way."

"I think she should go at once, Miss Hilda," she said.

"Where to, Mrs. Allen?" asked Hilda.

"Why to Monmouth, Miss Hilda," was the reply. "There's no use in the poor darling being tortured by any stupid blockhead in the neighborhood; and you see, Miss Hilda, if we drive to the next village we can easily get the train, and go to Monmouth in less than an hour, and not be more than three hours on the way, and be back to dinner, if we go at once."

"Do, do, dear Miss Halloway!" pleaded Lina. "I am so tired! Do take me!"

The appeal was unanswerable, and in less than half an hour from the time when it was first proposed they set off.

The visit to the dentist was paid, the tooth was extracted, and the patient child duly commended by the practitioner; they then prepared to return to the station.

The walk was but a short one, but the little Lina was so amused and attracted by the gaiety of the scene, the shops, and the concourse of people, that their progress was somewhat slow.

At length the child made an absolute stand before a shop, which exhibited trinkets of all kinds, mingled with pretty playthings.

"O, please let me look, Miss Halloway!" she exclaimed. "I should so like that doll! See! it can open its mouth—it can talk! Oh do buy it for me! I know papa would let you if he was here."

As the child's pleading was seldom in vain with the young governess, and the assertion which backed it one that Hilda could scarcely doubt, she complied, and led the little girl into the shop.

Their entrance was impeded for a moment by a gentleman who was about to leave the shop, and Hilda drew back, to allow him to pass.

As he did so, her eyes involuntarily rested on his face, and when once caught, they remained riveted on the features that met her view.

His haughty beauty might perhaps first have arrested her attention, but certainly did not cause the eager look that came over her young face.

He was strikingly handsome; his figure was commanding, without becoming ungraceful from the progress of age.

His hair was still dark, with but a few silver threads; his features were good; his teeth—which the slight smile that accompanied his recognition of Hilda's courtesy displayed—were even and white.

All was perfect in manly beauty, and most high-bred in his whole aspect; but it was not that which fascinated Hilda's gaze, as he passed her with a slight and careless glance; it was his eyes, his features.

She had gazed on them so often, since her early childhood, or features so like as to belie her senses if they were not the same.

They were the features delineated on that locket—the features of her father.

The eager pull of little Lina roused Hilda, from this confusion of her senses.

She made a sudden movement forward; then the chilling feeling came over her.

"What would he say? What proof could she give that she was his child—the child of Marian Halloway?"

No, it was folly, madness; and with a meek, subdued look, and dreamy step, Hilda passed into the shop.

It was filled with customers, and the young governess and her charge were forced to accept the seats offered them, and wait for the leisure of the shopwoman.

Lina's tongue was loosened now, and she eagerly pointed out the various toys around to the eyes of her nurse and governess.

Hilda scarcely heeded the child. Her eyes was full of the past—the image of her father, as she had so often gazed on him in that lovely miniature; the features of the living face on which she had just looked swam before her eyes.

She neither saw nor heard aught that was passing round her.

Then the sound of another voice suddenly roused her from her dream. Was she awake or was she dreaming?

The voice! how well she knew its tones. It came from a lady who had been making some purchases at the other end of the shop—a lady richly dressed, tall, and, evidently young.

Hilda bent forward; then she shrunk back as the speaker rose, turned, and prepared to leave the shop.

Hilda would have fain darted from the spot, have hidden herself behind Nurse Allen, or little Lina, as that stately form glided by.

But it was too late.

The quick glance of the lady had fallen on her face, and "Hilda! dear Hilda!"—"Nora! can it be?" burst from the lips of the long-separated friends.

The tears rushed into Hilda's eyes as she met Nora Norton's loving, half-reproachful look.

"Unkind girl! how could you desert your friend so cruelly, and leave me in such utter ignorance of your fate?" said Nora, sadly.

"Oh Hilda, you cannot have trusted me as I should you, or you would not have treated me thus."

"Dearest Nora, I could not—indeed, I could not, I could not," said Hilda. "If you knew all, you would see that I was right. I have never forgotten you—never ceased to love you."

The tears that were in Hilda's eyes bade fair to resist effectually her efforts to control them.

"Well, there is no disbelieving that candid face," said Nora, playfully; "and this is no place for explanations. Where are you now, Hilda? Do you not know that you are within five miles of my country home?"

"I did not," replied Hilda. "But I am not my own mistress now, Nora. This is my pupil, Sir Guy Capel's child; and we are living at Springdale during his absence with his cousins, Mrs. Escourt and her sister."

"Ah, yes; I heard that Sir Guy had come back and was going to marry Florence Horton," said Nora, coldly; "and a foolish match too; I know something of her, and a heartless coquette she is, or I am much mistaken. Is it true, Hilda?"

"They say so," replied Hilda, in a low tone, and Nora felt the hand she clasped in hers tremble.

Nora looked instinctively from under her own long lashes on a face which she saw grew pale, even with the flush of excitement still lingering on it.

A suspicion flashed on her brain.

She dimly guessed what caused that quivering hand and pale cheek.

The same shaft had pierced both their hearts, and the proud heiress and gentle orphan governess were alike its victims.

"You have at any rate a darling little charge, dear Hilda," said Nora. "But I must come over some day and hear all that you have to tell me. I may come, may I not?—and then you shall give me a sisterly greeting, and sisterly confidence, too. I shall not prove unworthy of it, Hilda."

"I am sure you will not, dearest Nora," was the low reply.

"Then I shall leave you now," said Nora. "I must return before luncheon, as I expect visitors, and I shall be late even now. Good-bye, darling," she said, kissing the upturned face of the little Lina. "I envy you your charge, Hilda; she is a little angel. Good-bye."

The lady was gone, even while Lina held up her little face for another kiss.

"Why is that girl so dear to me?" murmured Nora, as she buried herself in the cushions of her carriage, and kissed a parting salutation to the newly-recovered friend; "why is she so dear to me? Why, because she is so like—so strangely like—him.

"The same eyes, the smile, the same features, softened and tempered into womanhood—the same high intellect, and proud spirit.

"Yes, it was that which first drew me to her in the old school-days—she was so like him. Oh Jasper, Jasper, can it be that I have not conquered myself yet? Can my heart yet beat so wildly that a tone, a smile like his, has power to move me thus?—I, who thought that every painful memory, every rebellious feeling, had been crushed? I have so counted on my own strength. I have thought to pluck from my heart every unwelcome memory, and cast it from me. Oh, I am weak—weak as a reed tossed and shaken by the wind."

She flung herself passionately back in the carriage, and wept; but after some minutes she forced back the tears that had wellnigh overwhelmed her.

"This is not well," she murmured. "Others have suffered and conquered—why should not I? Henceforth I am strong to suffer, if not to crush out the cause of suffering."

When Nora Norton's carriage drove up at the gates of her proud home, she was once more her calm and dignified self.

But Hilda?

Oh, how her frame was shaken by the events of the morning!

The double rencontre; the rush of early associations, the happy days, the joyous prospects, which the sight of Nora Norton had conjured up, were mingled in a confused mass with the despair and bitter memory of her mother, her wrongs, and the mystery of her birth. She scarcely dared attempt to solve that mystery. She felt as if every one must read her secret, and that if she ventured to ask the question that trembled on her lips its motive must be divined.

And yet she could not leave when one chance remained that it might lead her to a discovery which would place her in a father's arms.

The toy had been brought, little Lina's fancies gratified to the utmost, and Nurse Allen was busily examining the merits of the wonderful doll's powers when Hilda took a final and desperate resolution.

She went up to the young woman who had been standing nearest to the door when the stranger passed out.

Her lips seemed parched and dry as she asked the question on which her whole life seemed to hang.

"Can you tell me who that gentleman was?" she said.

"What gentleman, Miss?" inquired the shopwoman.

"The one that went out just as I came in with that little girl," said Hilda.

"The tall, dark one, miss, with a mustache, and a diamond pin in his scarf?" continued the young woman.

"Yes, yes, who is he?" exclaimed Hilda, eagerly and her ears were strained to catch the reply.

"Can't tell, Miss. He's a stranger. I thought he was perhaps one of the company staying at the park; but I saw Miss Norton did not know him; so I suppose he's a stranger, miss. I know all the gentleman hereabouts."

"Thank you," came sadly from Hilda's lips, as she turned away.

Again disappointment! Was it ever to be thus? And the parent, the sole parent she possessed, to glide from her like a shadow!

But at least he was living. She could not doubt his identity.

Allowing for the lapse of time, the expression of his features was little changed.

At least he lived, and she would seek him still through the wide, wide world.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Some Pinks.

BY EDWARD ARNOLD.

PEMBROKE CARROLL opened his eyes upon an early summer morning within the walls of his boyhood's home.

The house, a fine old mansion, had descended through a long line of Carrolls from father to son until the death of Pem's father, when it was discovered that the debts had eaten up the estate, and Pem was left with two sisters to support, his whole stock in trade being a good education, robust health, and an indomitable will.

He had that sort of pride which would neither allow his sisters to want, nor to share his labor, and, besides this, he had set his heart upon having the old home for his own.

Since he could not inherit it as his father and grandfather had done, it should be by the might of his own hands.

To this end he worked hard in his profession, building slowly but well, and yet it was harder than anyone else could know. But his will was strong.

"Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," he would say, and so each temptation passed.

His sisters married, and went far away, leaving him quite alone, though a trousseau and marriage settlement for each took a large slice from the loaf put by.

But at last the home was his—fairly earned and hardly won.

When he awoke in the morning the birds were singing in the elm-tree by the window the sun was shining, and there was peace in his heart.

Throwing on a dressing-gown, he hastened to the window and looked out.

He was startled from his reverie by the appearance of a slender young girl, in a white morning dress and pretty garden hat, who came out of the adjoining house, armed with a basket and a huge pair of shears, the latter seeming about half as tall as herself.

She ran down the path until she came to where the pinks bloomed on either side; then she paused, put down her basket, tossed aside the shears, and buried her small nose into the hearts of about six pinks, one after another, before she stopped to take breath. And then she fell to clipping the flowers, placing them carefully in the basket, and, humming with the bees.

From bed to bed she went, cutting the stems with lavish hand; yet, so abundant was the bloom, nothing was missed.

It was not until her pleasant task was completed, and she disappeared within the house, that Pembroke recollected that he must hasten to his office.

All he knew of his neighbors was that a Mr. Corson had purchased the house next his.

A few days later a friend dropped in at his office just as he was about leaving for home.

Mr. Mason was chatty and friendly, with an exclamatory style of speaking which rendered his simplest sentences emphatic.

"You are next door to the Corsons now, Carroll, happy fellow!" he said. "The young ladies are quite the rage. Eldest—lovely girl!—is engaged to Squire Lynn. The second, Miss Laura—a perfect beauty, by the way—captured me long ago, though I can't tell why, since she is evidently inclined to favor young Sinclair. The third, Kate, is a bright, wholesome, sensibly-appearing girl, but rather young, and inclined to be shy; you will always find her near her mother. The fourth is at school, and there is one, the one, the oldest of all, who is married and settled. Miss Corson is a wonderful musician—wonderful! Laura paints like—like—well, almost any master. Kate has no especial forte, but she cultivates flowers to perfection, and especially affects pinks. But what I meant to say was that I'm going to call at the house this evening, and if you'll go, I'll drop in for you, Carroll?"

"I don't know," said Pembroke, beginning to think he was receiving rather a large dose of the Corson family, when he was really interested in only a small portion of it.

"But I'd rather like to make Mrs. Corson's acquaintance.

Evening came, and Pem was ushered into Mrs. Corson's drawing-room, the prettiest room he had ever seen in his life; it was so bright and harmonious.

He found Kate by her mother's side, and after mutual congratulations, concerning desirable neighbors, he turned the conversation upon flowers.

It was so easy to converse with Mrs. Corson, who was pleasant, gentle, and motherly, though young; and he was soon telling her of his fondness for pinks, of his mother, his present loneliness; and then a sudden feeling of shame caused him to stop short, for his eyes were wet.

But he took courage when he saw that only Kate and her mother observed it, and their faces were earnest and sympathetic as well as their replies.

"The very next thing to be done to your place," Mrs. Corson said, brightly, a little later, "is to plant plenty of pinks, though I believe they are shy of bloom after transplanting, particularly the old hardy sorts. But Kate will tell you all about it, and she must send you pinks from our own garden until they have time to bloom in yours. Is it too late to grow pinks this season, dear?"

"Too late for very much show this year," Kate replied. "There are a few free-blooming varieties that do not mind being transplanted, if it is done with care; we have many of these, and can spare all Mr. Carroll will need.

"Then, seeds sown now will blossom early next summer."

Pembroke thanked her, and then it occurred to her for the time that she might have offered too much, and she glanced quickly into her mother's face for approval.

"Do not forget to attend to this my dear," Mrs. Corson answered, with an approving smile; and, rising, she pulled two or three pinks from the bouquet which stood near, and presented them to Pembroke. Then someone called her away, and he began to converse with Kate in her absence, the warm color coming and going in the young girl's cheeks, at the very thought of being left alone to entertain a comparative stranger.

Then there was music, and Kate glided away, drawing near to where her mother sat, and he spoke no more with her that evening.

In the morning he watched the pinks from his window with renewed interest; watched, too, for the young girl who was wont to gather their morning bloom; but she failed to make her appearance, and he went down-stairs disappointed.

At church, on Sunday, Pembroke glanced over to the pew occupied by the Corsons, and saw that father, mother, and three daughters were there, the ladies all charmingly attired; Kate the simplest of the four, and with pinks in her bonnet—deep cardinal and white.

When they left church, he paused to speak to Mrs. Corson and then, for Kate seemed the odd one of the family, he found himself walking with her down the street towards home, her father and mother leading the way, and her two sisters following.

He spoke of his happiness in being once more in his old home, only it seemed somewhat lonely; and then they talked, as usual, upon flowers.

"Miss Kate," he said, as they neared her home, "would you please allow me to walk with you to church this evening? I mean, too, for you to come and sit with me in my own pew. Positively I am too forlorn to say my prayers alone; will you not take pity on me?"

"I will walk with you to church with pleasure," she said, seeming to consider it a very serious affair; "and if mamma does not think it best for me to sit in your pew, you must sit in ours."

Mamma made no objection. She was not given to match-making in any way, but she liked Pembroke, and she felt he was a man to be trusted.

So Kate, with pinks in her hand and at her throat, walked soberly to church by Pem's side.

When they reached his pew there were strangers in it; but there was just room for two more, and as there were not prayer-books enough for all, Kate and Pembroke were obliged to use one between them.

He glanced down upon the pretty, blushing face at his side, feeling a deep pleasure in having her almost to himself for the time.

It was quite warm, and in fanning herself Kate wafted the perfume of the pinks towards him, fairly intoxicating him with their sweetness; so it is doubtful if he followed strictly all the prayers, although his heart was filled with earnest thanksgiving.

They walked slowly homeward, and as they turned into their own stoop, Kate said:

"Mamma does not like us to invite gentlemen to the house on Sunday nights, so I cannot ask you to come in. But all other evenings we receive."

"Thanks; I will come soon if I may—perhaps to-morrow evening. And for to-night, please give me the pinks you have worn to-day."

"They are beginning to fade," she said.

"Still I wish them. Perhaps I seem to you an insufferable beggar; and yet, until I met you, I had not asked the gift of a flower of anyone since I was a child."

Without a word, she unfastened the flowers and laid them in his hand, and he, carrying the role of beggar still farther, asked her to pin them in his buttonhole.

She looked up a moment; she stood just within the gate, where the moon shone clearly upon her shy, girlish face, while he was in the shadow.

She felt he asked much; but he spoke so soberly, and seemed so sincere, she had not the heart to refuse him.

So she pinned the pinks upon his coat in silence, her hands trembling a trifle as she did so.

"I cannot make you understand how much I thank you for all your gentleness to me," he said. "Only that I am so deeply your debtor already, I should be tempted to ask one thing more.

"This granted, the day would be a perfect one to me." He paused, and she looked so sweetly thoughful, so stadily discreet, so unconscious altogether, he grew bolder, adding, "It has been, oh, so long! since my mother gave me pinks and kissed me; yet ever since, the two gifts have been associated in my mind. I have had so few of either in my life, that I am tempted——"

He paused, for though she spoke no word she looked up into his face so shocked and frightened and distressed, he bitterly repented having spoken in such a manner.

"Forgive me!" he said, presently. "I would not have pained you so much for the world, believe me. I cannot tell you how deeply interested in you I am; how—— My dear child! if I do not say good-night at once I shall frighten you more than ever. Only assure me that I am quite forgiven; I cannot go without that."

She put out her hand to him in silence; he pressed it in his, touched it gently to his lips as he said good-night, and was gone.

And far into the night this grave man sat, and thought of his home, in which Kate appeared as its guardian spirit, and all was peace and harmony.

In the days that followed he met her often, but never again alone.

And when the rumor reached him that Mrs. Corson and Kate were to leave town for a few weeks, he went over at once and had an interview with Mrs. Corson, and telling her of his love for her daughter, begged permission to woo her for his wife.

For answer, she gave consent, but counselled him against haste.

"I am going to take Kate away for a month," she said, "and I do not wish you to speak to her upon this subject until our return. This absence will prove you both; not that I doubt your sincerity, but this sudden passion is so unlike any former act of your life, and marriage is a step that should be taken with caution."

With this he was obliged to be content. He saw Kate but once before her departure, and not knowing the precise time of her return, he was apprized of it by seeing that demure young lady out among the garden beds one evening when he went home to dinner.

Mrs. Corson, looking out, saw the expression of his face when he discovered Kate, and was at once convinced that his determination was unchanged.

Directly after dinner he called, and the two went out into the garden to inspect the flowers.

They gathered a few pinks, and then Kate sat down on a bench under the beds, and Pembroke told her that old, sweet story—the first time in his life that he had told it to any woman, yet Kate thought he told it well.

Perhaps it was because it was the first time she had ever heard it; but the perfume of the pinks was not sweeter than this story seemed to her.

So it came about that Kate Corson married before either of her sisters, and in due time she came to reign over Pembroke Carroll's home.

Under her dominion it grew brighter and lovelier to him than it had ever seemed in the days of his boyhood, and he declares it was all owing to those blessed pinks that he came to know how sweet and fair his wife was.

SOME ODD ACCIDENTS.—At Pine Bluff, Ark., a sheriff's posse surrounded the residence of a desperate thief. He jumped from a window and ran for the woods. One pursuer outran his fellows, and the next fleetest mistook him for the thief and shot him.

At Rock Castle, Ky., as the Rev. Mr. Petrey entered a house, a hen flew in and perched on a hanging rifle; it fell, and falling on the lock was discharged, and killed the minister.

At Kansas City, Mo., as a man was sitting on the balcony of his house, a steamboat ran into it and crushed him to death. This was during the April floods.

At Baltimore, Md., a man who was being shaved heard a runaway, and, thinking it was his team, jumped up and had his nose nearly cut off.

At Canton, O., James Little drank some cold beer which paralyzed his stomach and, forming carbonic acid gas, his whole system, causing nearly instantaneous death.

At West Point, Lieutenant Archibald Gibson could not, while on parade, lift his hand to remove a spider from his ear for a whole hour. When insect was only taken out two days later and Lieutenant Gibson ultimately died of inflammation of the brain.

At Charlestown, Mass., Alfred Anderson crawled into a sand-house he had built, and it fell in on him and smothered him.

At Nanticoke, Pa., John Lafschuski broke a bottle of whisky in his pocket, saturating his clothes; when he subsequently lit a match they took fire, and he was fatally burned.

In Adair County, Mo., two young men agreed to be photographed with pistols drawn on each other. The artist, while arranging his position, discharged one of the pistols, shooting the opposite sitter through the lungs.

At Eastport, Me., a sailor, wanting a drink of water and finding the cask pump frozen, poured hot water into it, and while attempting to suck a drink from it inhaled the steam and was scalded to death.

At Pittsburg, Pa., Mike Maroney entered a core oven to warm himself, and another workman placed a core on the truck, ran it in, closed the door and roasted him alive.

At Rixford, Pa., Louis Garthwait lowered a forty-quart torpedo of nitro-glycerine into a well, when the well made a sudden flow, struck the torpedo and blew him to pieces.

At Green Ridge, Pa., John Thompson and his brother tried to stop a dog fight, and the latter threw a stone at the animals and, missing them, smashed his brother's skull.

At St. Louis, Mo., Thomas J. Wharton took up a large oyster, said, "This is the kind of oyster Walter Brooks choked to death on!" tried to swallow it, and was choked.

At Creedmoor, a friend snapped a cherry pit at Lieutenant W. A. Moore, and hit him in the eye. It struck the optic nerve, causing paralysis and congestion of the brain, and he had a narrow escape from death.

At Louisville, an old man aimed a kick at his wife, lost his balance, fell and was fatally injured.

At Indianapolis the weight of a cask of water smashed the teeth of a "Man with the Iron Jaw," and falling on his breast it crushed him to death.

At Dovercourt, England, a boy named Roast swallowed the sting of a wasp while eating some preserves, and died while running to the Doctor's.

At Boston, Simeon Long, while playing with the cat in his hallway, made a misstep and fell against the wall and broke his neck.

At Dublin, Ga., a chimney swallow filled the muzzle of William Sugge's gun with clay and when he discharged it the weapon blew off his hand.

At Needeska, Minn., Albert Grant was playing with a Newfoundland dog and dragging it by the tail, when it jumped into the pond, pulling him in, and he was drowned.

LITERATURE.—Some people cannot endure their own society with patience; they hate to be left alone. They do not know how to amuse themselves. They have no fondness for nature, know nothing of any branch of natural history, and have never cultivated a taste for reading. The consequences is, that when they happen to be thrown on their own resources, they have no resources to fall back upon. Such people are greatly to be pitied. The woods, the mountains, falling waters, and the ocean shore have no attraction for them. They are blind to the varied plumage of the birds, and deaf to all sweet songs. Whenever they chance to be left alone for an hour the time hangs heavy on their hands. They must always be busy in their own little ways, or taking part in idle chatter and gossip. To sit down and meditate on the great problem of life, to hold communion with great authors, who, in their works, are deathless; these are things of which they are incapable. They cannot even while away an hour over a humorous book. Young men and young women who cultivate a taste for literature and for science lay up a rich treasure of resources for enjoyment in the many hours of every life which otherwise are long and dreary. In its effect upon happiness the value of culture is beyond all price.

LONE JACK, MO., Sept. 14, 1878.
I have been using Hop Bitters, and have received great benefit from them for liver complaint and malarial fever. They are superior to all other medicines.
P. M. BARNES.

NATURE'S QUEEN.

I will tell you I will tell you of a fascinating maiden,
Who is crowned a queen by Nature, with a wealth of golden hair;
Her fair cheeks coyly dimple into hollows, laughter-laden,
And the colors flush and flicker like a summer sunrise there.

Her deep blue eyes confess her soul, although her lips dissemble,
The promise of her womanhood, the triumph of the years;
And tiny trills of tenderness along her accents tremble,
Like music that can bathe the heart in smiling or in tears.

The flowers in her girdle grow resentful in her presence,
O'ermastered with a beauty that can change with every hour,
And each new phase out does the rest in witchery of pleasance,
And hearts are but as bubbles, in the breathing of her power.

The trees that gloom above her seem to stoop to kiss her tresses,
And nestling sunbeams mock the hands that long to trespass there;
But faltering appraisal of the beauty she possesses
Can poets' glowing numbers give, and artists' canvass bear.

She is not a thing of fancy, but just divinely human,
A sinner doubtless like ourselves, but still surpassing sweet,
With just enough of naughtiness to make a noble woman,
And just enough of coquetry to bring you to her feet.

With just enough of sympathy to be supremely tender,
To drive the shuddering shadows of despondency away;
I bow my head before her, I will gracefully surrender
Thrall to the gracious bondage of her imperious sway.

—WALDO MESSARGE.

The Demon's Bridge.

A LEGEND.

AT a period of time not very precisely ascertainable, but which cannot have been very far removed from our own, there stood, in a kind of alley at Brussels, a small house of simple appearance, the proprietor of which was an esteemed architect of that city, named Henri Olivier.

By his exertions, this Olivier had gained a modest fortune, with which he determined to construct the bridge and sluice that cross the Senne at its entrance into Brussels.

At the spot chosen, he had expected to find the ground solid and adapted to his purpose—but he discovered, when too late, that it was marshy and wholly insecure; so that in the great and unfortunate expenses of fixing his foundations on this ungenial soil, he soon saw the whole of his means exhausted.

Not a third of the works were completed when he was obliged to suspend them, without power even to pay his workmen.

The thought that he would be dishonored—that the men he had employed were wanting bread—drove him to despair.

He hurried to his friends, and besought their assistance; but those who would have been first to offer him their purses when they knew that he would not have accepted them, now excused themselves upon the shallowest pretexts; and he returned, not only empty-handed, but disenchanted of his trust in friendship, and more despairing than ever.

For a time he shut himself up, and thought and meditated upon his position, but could come to no satisfactory conclusion.

All those upon whom he had believed he might reckon had abandoned him.

There remained but one person upon whose affection he could rely: this was a young widow, whom he tenderly loved, and whom he had hoped to marry.

Happy—in spite of the unhappy occasion—to prove in any way the love she bore him, this lady hastened to place at his disposal all that she possessed; those resources were altogether insufficient, but her devotion in placing them at his command had the happiest effect in sustaining her lover; for without the full certainty of her love, he would surely have destroyed himself.

One dark and stormy evening, weary, desperate, and half-resolved to fly from the city during the night, he returned to his dwelling.

On entering, his servant announced that a gentleman was awaiting him.

He went up stairs, and, why he scarcely knew, but it was with surprise that he saw, seated by the fire in his chamber, a stranger habited in green velvet.

"You are in embarrassed circumstances?" said this person, brusquely.

"Who has told you?" asked Olivier.

"Your friends."

"Already!" sighed the architect.

"Some hours ago," said the stranger. "To-morrow—if nobody comes to your assistance meanwhile—you will be lost!"

"You are, alas! too well informed. May I ask the motive of your visit?"

The candles, which the servant had lit before leaving the room, burned palely.

The stranger in green was silent; but his eyes glowed as if they had been burning coals, and about his thin and compressed lips there played fitfully a smile of indescribable bitterness.

After fixing his fiery gaze for some moments upon the agitated architect, he answered.

"I have interested myself in your affairs!"

Olivier started; he would have pressed the hand of him whom he already looked upon as his saviour; but the other avoided his grasp.

"Pray understand me!" he said: "I let moneys out at interest?"

"My life, my soul shall be yours!" cried Olivier.

The stranger's eyes dilated, and seemed to dart forth pale lightnings.

"Of what sum have you need?" he demanded.

"Oh, to meet the demands of the moment only, a small sum would suffice; but if you would enable me to save my honor, and complete the work I have undertaken,—a hundred thousand francs!"

"You shall have them—if my conditions suit you," said the stranger.

"I agree to them without asking what they are!" cried Olivier; "it is heaven that has sent you to my relief!"

"Not—not exactly so," stammered the person in green, between his teeth. "You must not engage yourself, without first knowing what you will have to do, in the event of our concluding a bargain. I have come a considerable distance, to assure myself concerning you.

"Without flattery, I may say I appreciate your talents, and should wish to have you wholly at my disposal."

"In life and death!" cried Olivier.

"Very good!" said the stranger; "then I'll agree to give you ten years to clear up your affairs; at the end of that time you will be ready to follow me—it may be a good way from this place; I shall be your master; you will devote yourself to me exclusively."

As he spoke, he selected from a large green pocket-book a hundred thousand francs, in bills drawn on the best houses of Brussels.

Olivier, surprised, without being able to account for the feelings that took possession of him, regarded his guest with a momentarily increasing inquietude.

"Remember," said the stranger, as if in answer to what was passing in the mind of the agitated architect: "Remember, that for want of this money you were almost about to make away with yourself!"

He presented a small strip of parchment with one hand, and with the other a pen of gold.

"Excuse me," said Oliver; "this scene somewhat confuses me. I do not know you—and——"

"What does that matter!" said the unknown. "As I before told you, I appreciate your talents, and take a strong interest in you; I do not, however, wish to make myself known to you at present. Take this money. To-morrow will regain your credit. A young and lovely bride awaits you. You hesitate!—a hundred thousand francs are not enough? Here are a million!"

A sort of delirium seized on Olivier: he saw only that gold enough was within his reach to make him rich and glorious for the rest of his life: he snatched the pen, and signed the document.

When he had traced the last character, the stranger in green took up the parchment, folded it carefully, placed it in his large pocket-book, and retired, saying as he went out:

"This day ten years, then you will be good enough to be ready. I shall come for you!"

One may easily imagine that Olivier was not much inclined to sleep, but passed that night in counting over his treasure, and in laying out plans for the future.

The next day he met all his engagements (giving out that he had been assisted by his friends), and doubled the number of his workmen.

In a little time the work was nobly finished.

He married the young widow, of whose affection he had been so well assured. But the secret of his wealth he revealed to no one.

Years passed away; his enterprises prospered, children sprang up about him; his ample fortune brought him friends, and he lived joyously

During nine years, Olivier lived without feeling any great uneasiness as to the future; but, as he saw the moment approaching when according to the terms of the compact, he would have to quit all that he held dear to follow the unknown—his master—his heart began to be troubled; inexplicable fears took possession of him; he could not sleep; he grew thin and haggard.

In vain his wife, who loved him tenderly, endeavored to discover the hidden cause of his distress; the secret that was locked within his bosom was inaccessible.

The caresses of his little son and daughter but augmented his sufferings.

He was seen to weep; and thrice, in their walks, his wife remarked that, on approaching the bridge which he himself had built, he trembled violently.

At length the dreaded day arrived, when the stranger was to come to exact the fulfilment of the bargain he had made.

Oliver invited to supper his friends and relations: with those of his wife, who, not knowing how to cheer her drooping husband, sent for the good old vicar, in whom Olivier had much confidence, and who had for some time past been anxiously observant of his conduct.

They had been about an hour at table, when Olivier, who was frightfully pale, and vainly strove to gain courage in deep and frequent draughts of wine, heard the clock strike slowly—and with horrible distinctness, as it seemed to him—the hour of eleven; to a moment, the hour of which, ten years ago, the unknown had quitted him.

With a convulsive start and in agony, as the clock ceased to strike, he stretched his hand towards the wine, but found the bottles all empty.

He ordered a servant to go down to the cellar and return quickly with more.

Taking a candle, the servant hastened to obey.

Descending rapidly, she had nearly reached the bottom of the stairs before she observed, seated on the lowest step, a tall man, of sombre visage, dressed in green velvet.

Starting back in a fright at the stranger's unexpected appearance, she tremblingly demanded what he wanted.

"Tell your master that I wait for him," he answered; "he will know whom!"

The servant hurried to her master and related what she had seen, and the message the stranger had given her for him.

Oliver became pale as death, and seeing that he could not longer keep the secret of his fate, he told the story of his adventure.

Having done this, he arose, filled with despair.

His wife, his children, and his friends were overwhelmed with terror.

"Nay!" said the old priest; "do not so soon give way to despair! Let some one request the stranger to ascend hither!"

The wife threw herself at the feet of the good vicar, and her children covered his hands with kisses.

A ray of hope fell upon the heart of the architect.

The servant, making a courageous effort, went to the head of the stairs, and called to the unknown that he was waited for above.

A moment after and he entered the chamber, holding in his hand the engagement signed by Olivier.

An indefinable smile played about his mouth and eyes, as he noticed the presence of the priest.

"You did not expect to find me here?" said the vicar. "You know that I have some power over you!"

The stranger appeared uneasy.

"I have a favor to ask," said the vicar, producing a small measure filled with millet seed. "Grant us a few moments respite: swear to leave Olivier in peace until you have put back, seed by seed, all the millet contained in this measure, after I have emptied it!"

"I consent!" cried the stranger in green, with a low, short laugh.

"Swear by the living God?" said the vicar," beginning to pour the seed upon the floor.

The unknown shuddered, and said, in a voice scarcely audible: "I swear it!" He then began to gather up the scattered seed with frightful rapidity.

At a sign from the vicar, unnoticed by the stranger, a benetiere was handed to him, and into the holy water it contained he threw the remaining seeds.

In a very few seconds the stranger in green had picked up all the seeds that had been spilled upon the floor, and he turned exultingly to accomplish the rest of his task; but he had no sooner touched the seed that was in the benetiere, then he gave a horrible cry, and disappeared down a black abyss that opened at his feet.

So the architect was saved; and, from that time, the bridge of the sluice between the Port de Hal and the Port d'Anderlecht, has been called the "Demon's Bridge."

ELECTRIC DRAWING.—A remarkable souvenir of the Electrical Exposition in Paris has been brought to this country. It is a life-like drawing of the shoulders, head, face and mouth of an officer of the French Grenadier Guards, which was transmitted a considerable distance by electricity. The drawing is about six inches by three wide, on ordinary white paper, and the method of executing this remarkable feat was in this wise: The original sketch was made by hand in the form of dots, metallic ink being used. The sheet was then placed on a table directly under the pointer of an ordinary telegraph wire. This pointer was moved rapidly to and fro over the drawing, a receiver at the other end being worked in precisely the same way. Each time the pointer came in contact with the metallic ink dots the circuit was closed, and a corresponding impression made upon a piece of paper at the other end of the line. This process was continued until every dot had been carried over the wires, and the transmission was so perfect that without a distinguishing mark the person who made the original drawing could not have told one from the other. During the sessions of the Congress letters were written and transmitted by electricity, and signatures to checks and notes of hand are now being forwarded hundreds of miles in the same manner as in the sister republic.

A LITTLE girl went timidly into a shop the other day, and asked the shopman how many shoe-strings she could get for a penny. "How long do you want them?" he asked. "I want them to keep," was the answer in a tone of surprise.

THOSE of our readers who have not yet sent for a cake of The Frank Siddalls Soap had better do so before the remarkably liberal offer is withdrawn. The Frank Siddalls Soap is destined to have an immense sale, and as we understand it is in contemplation to establish agencies for its sale all over the United States, our readers who desire to aid in the introduction of what is one of the most remarkable inventions of modern science, would do well to avail themselves of the offer. Persons must not send for more than one cake, and when sending for a cake must not send for any of their friends, the rule being that the one who wants the Soap must send for it.

Scientific and Useful

THE PALMETTO.—The palmetto is likely to become a profitable article of commerce. A smooth, pliable parchment can be manufactured from it, and sixty per cent. of the palmetto will be used in the process, which is not expensive. The parchment can be washed and rubbed like cloth, and for legal and other documents will probably come into general use.

SEIDLITZ WATER.—Take twenty and a half ounces of water, acidulated in the usual apparatus with thrice its volume of carbonic acid gas: about two drachms of sulphate of magnesia; eighteen grains of hydrochlorate of magnesia; dissolve, and bottle for use. If it be wanted stronger, double the quantity of the sulphate and hydrochlorate of magnesia.

A NEW FABRIC.—A new fabric is now produced in France from the down of birds, which is either worked by itself, or in mixture with wool, silk, or cotton. According to the description, the goods thus manufactured, whether simply of down, or mixed with fibrous material, present entirely novel features. It is found that the down will take any shade of dye, from the most delicate to the deepest color, and the cloth is very warm—more so than woolen—and may readily be made impervious to moisture. The preferable method seems to be to mix the down with wool.

HOUSE INSECTS.—No insect which usually infests the house, and crawls over the floor or woodwork, can live under the application of hot alum-water. It will destroy red and black ants, cockroaches, spiders, and chintz-bugs. Take two pounds of alum, and dissolve it in three or four quarts of boiling water; let it stand on the fire until the alum is all melted, then apply it with a brush (while nearly boiling hot) to every joint and crevice in your closets, bedstead, pantry-shelves, etc. If, in white-washing a ceiling, plenty of alum is added to the white-wash, it will keep off insects.

CRYSTALIZED FLOWERS.—Construct baskets of fancy form from pliable copper wire, and wrap them with gauze. Into these tie to the bottom, violets, ferns—any flowers except full-blown roses—and sink them in a solution of alum, one pound to a gallon of water, after the solution is cold. The colors will then be preserved in their original beauty, and the crystalized alum will hold faster than when from a hot solution. When the crystals completely cover the articles, remove the basket and allow it to drip 12 hours. These baskets are beautiful parlor ornaments, and for a long time preserve the freshness of the flowers.

Farm and Garden.

PULLING ON THE HALTER.—Take a common rope or leather halter, place it on the horse in the usual way, then run the rope or strap through the hole or ring where you hitch, carry the rope to the ankle of the hind foot and tie it; then let him try himself and five minutes' trial will satisfy him.

APPLES FOR CATTLE.—Apples may also be fed to cattle to good advantage, especially with straw, or coarse fodder of any kind. They will act as a regulator, by preventing constipation. Sheep, too, are very fond of apples, and where they have no chance to get water in winter, some kind of root or vegetable food is almost indispensable as a preventive against "stretches," which is a disease brought on by a continuance of constipating diet.

COOKING FOOD FOR STOCK.—Much has been written on this subject, and many writers are fully convinced that it pays to cook food for stock—even hay and straw and corn fodder. Intelligent witnesses have declared in favor of cooking, or steaming, which is practically the same thing as to results; and many are practicing it at the present day, and their number is increasing—yet compared to the whole it is only here and there one who has adopted the system. There is quite a general doubt not to say disbelief, that it pays, but it seems to us that it ought to pay. We know how much the digestibility of our own food is increased by cooking, and it is not easy to see why the food our animals eat will not also be made more digestible by the same process.

FISH FARMING.—Now that the fish culture is assuming practical shape in this country, anything in that line is of interest. A writer from France says: Many years ago the French government aided the first effort made in artificial fish culture. So thoroughly did the experiments succeed that it has become a most important industry in the country, and wherever natural lakes, creeks or rivers were to be found, they were stocked with the finny tribe. On some of the great estates, belonging to the nobility, where by subdividing their property or attempting to live in a style beyond their incomes, their pecuniary condition has been greatly helped by converting the artificial lakes and ponds in their pleasure grounds into fish-breeding establishments; and by their products their prosperity has been redeemed. A great many less wealthy persons owning lands too poor for successful farming, and where water was abundant, have dug ponds and lakes upon their premises and have embarked in this most lucrative farming.

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SATURDAY EVENING, DEC., 3, 1881.

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TRUE CHARITY.

It is an old belief that true charity is that which helps people to help themselves; in developing within them whatever power of self-help they have, and so supplementing them that they shall not suffer from want.

This kind of charity implies something more than putting one's hand in one's pocket and drawing money thence; something more than giving one's note of hand for a greater or less amount; something more than offering prayers for the relief of the poor and the salvation of the world.

The fact is, a great many of us are glad enough to give, if by so doing we can ease our own consciences and think we are discharging our obligations. We are not willing to see with our own eyes—to investigate in person the needs of our suffering follows; we do not like to visit their homes and find out exactly how we can help without injuring them in any way by our benefactions.

But if the too prevalent pauperism is to be greatly diminished, or entirely removed, it can be done only by personal attention to the personal needs of those who depend on charity for sustenance, and by so attending to them that the sinews of their self-respect and of self-help shall be not relaxed but strengthened. The men and women who have mastered any knowledge that will help them in the struggle for existence are not at all likely to fall back into pauperism.

These suggestions, it is hoped, may aid our readers in bestowing their charities with discrimination. There are many towns and villages in which the organization of a kitchen-garden, an evening school, an industrial school, a cooking school, an art school, a public reading-room and library, a co-operative society, would result in inestimable good with comparatively small outlay of money.

There are many families, burdens on the community where they live, that if assisted to settle on new soil with new associations, might become useful citizens. There are many poor boys to be helped in procuring an education or situation, who by such help would be made useful and honorable members of society. There are many neglected girls in our cities and villages that need instruction in manners and morals and domestic arts, whose mothers are incapable of giving them such instruction, or who have no mothers, but who by the intervention of kindly and judicious charity may be saved to themselves and to society. Charity means far more than the mere giving of money or temporary aid.

SANCTUM CHAT.

CHIEF JUSTICE WAITE favors law schools. "The time has gone by," he says, "when an eminent lawyer in full practice could take a class of students into his office and become their teacher. Once that was practicable, but now it is not. The consequence is that law schools are now a necessity."

—

A BERLIN professor is authority for the statement that among Catholics, who prohibit marriages between persons who are near blood relations, the proportion of deaf mutes is 1 to 3,000; among Protestants, who are less strict, the proportion is 1 to 2,000; while among Jews, who encourage intermarriage with blood relatives, the deaf mutes are as 1 to 400.

—

THE house in which the poet Moore was born is now a whisky shop. Burns' native cottage is a public house. Shelley's house at Great Marlowe is a beer shop. The spot where Walter Scott was born is occupied by a similar building, and Coleridge's residence at Nether Stokly, the very house where he composed the "Ode to a Nightingale," is an ordinary beer house.

—

KING THEEBAW, of Burmah, has been getting rid of a few false prophets in the usual manner. These unfortunates were misled by the comet, and were rash enough to prophesy that the last addition to Theebaw's family would be a boy, and not only so, but when he arrived at manhood he would drive the British out of India as well as out of Burmah. A girl was born, and the relatives of these prophets now mourn their departed friends.

—

THEY have developed cheating into a fine art in Russia. Some Russian officials, being informed that a locomotive on a railway crossing the Polish frontier was being used as a vehicle for smuggling, had the locomotive arrested, as it were, put in charge of two gendarmes, and taken to the next station, where it was dismembered bit by bit until a secret compartment was discovered containing foreign cigars and valuable silks. The contriver of the plan was certainly an "engineous" smuggler.

—

MR. LORENZO, the chief officer in St. Michael's, the northernmost British settlement in America, has sent for a phonograph, which he will circulate among the Esquimaux, and induce them to sing to it their sweetest songs. Then the instrument will be returned to the warmer climes that it may entertain the lovers of melody. It has long been known that the Esquimaux have a peculiar music of their own, unlike anything in other parts of the world, and very interesting; but as no musician has ever formed a part of an Arctic expedition its beauties remain a mystery.

—

TRICYCLES are becoming more common in England. Although not so fast as the bicycle, it is more safe and comfortable, and the art of riding it may be easily acquired in a short time. The machine, however, is sometimes as uncontrollable as a runaway horse, on a steep incline. A few days ago a man was killed by the upsetting of a tricycle, whose speed he endeavored to check as it was descending a steep hill by giving it a sharp turn.

—

ACCORDING to the recent estimate of Sir W. Armstrong, the heat of the sun falling upon one acre of the earth's surface in the tropics would be capable, if fully utilized, of developing a power of 4,000 horses for nearly nine hours every day. The most promising means of adapting this vast energy to man's purpose seems to be the conversion of the heat into electricity, and the construction of economical apparatus for effecting this result is eagerly awaited.

—

A FRENCH savant has written a long treatise to prove from scientific data that woman is in a lower state of development than man, both intellectually and physically. One of his proofs is that "woman is more flat-footed and less arched than man—a sign of interiority; hence her preference for high-heeled shoes." That explains why women of fashion are going back to low heels. They are piqued, and mean to show that they are no "flatter-footed" than men.

—

THE Princess of Salerno was lately seen, when an old woman, and not long before her death, looking at some of the historical paintings at Versailles. She was the sister of Maria Louise, the second wife of Napoleon Bonaparte. "What lies," said she, pausing before a picture of her sister distributing the gifts sent to her by her imperial fiance—"what lies these painters tell! My sister was enraged, and threw the jewel-box on the table; my brother had no such joyous expression; I myself was shaking with terror. We all, in fact, thought the marriage a disgrace."

—

IN one of a famous animal painter's visits to Scotland he stopped at a village and took a great deal of notice of the dogs, jotting down a sketch of them on a bit of paper. Next day, on resuming his journey, he was horrified to find dogs suspended from the trees in all directions, and drowning in the rivers with stones around their necks. He stopped a weeping urchin, who was hurrying off with his pet pup in his arms, and learned to his dismay that he was supposed to be an excise official who was taking notes of all dogs he saw in order to prosecute the owners for unpaid taxes.

—

A VERY good device for arranging flowers so as to preserve them fresh, is thus described in Vick's Monthly: "It consists of a piece of cork of about a quarter of an inch thick, circular in form, and perforated with holes like the nose of a watering-pot. The diameter is to correspond to the size of the saucer or shallow dish with which it is to be used. The cork floating on the top of the water supports the flowers, whose stems are inserted through the holes. For the display of small flowers and those having short stems, this method seems well adapted; possibly it may be better than damp sand, though that is doubtful, but, as the cork may be preserved, it would always be at hand, and it might not be convenient sometimes to procure sand."

—

THE Russian Government has recently caused a series of experiments to be carried on in order to determine the value and utility of certain condensed preparations of forage. During the trials, four kinds of preserved food were tested by the cavalry of the Guard and of the corps stationed in the military districts of Odessa and the Caucasus. The first preparation consisted of oatmeal, peas, rye, and linseed compressed into cakes, weighing each four pounds, and said to contain as much nutriment as would be afforded by twelve pounds of oats, and this in one-fifth of the bulk of the latter. The second form of condensed food was similar to the first, with the exception that the rye was omitted. The third also was like the first, but wheat was substituted for rye; and in the fourth this latter substance was replaced by rye bread. When required for use the cakes had simply to be crumpled by hand. The trials lasted for thirty days, and the results are said to have been exceedingly satisfactory.

—

VIENNA has several places of refuge for the destitute, called "warming-rooms," where all persons who are in need are allowed to make themselves comfortable, and are given soup, coffee, or tea, with bread, free of charge. No inquiries are made as to character or calling. It is sufficient that they say they are cold and hungry. Large stoves warm these places, benches run along the walls, and newspapers are provided, but mainly on account of the advertisement for help wanted. The food and drink are given to each person twice every day, and at night those who need lodgings are enabled to sleep there. The experiment has proved so satisfactory that another place of the kind is about to be opened, large enough to accommodate eight hundred persons.

—

DR. RICHARDSON points out a striking relation between alcoholism and untruthfulness. "I have never known," he says, "a dipsomaniac whose word could be relied on. Women or men, they had to some extent, and often to the extremest extent, forgotten the truth. This is so certain that falsehood becomes a part of the diagnosis, if I may so say, of these cases. The shame of exposure of the untruthfulness fades away; the dislike to it, once probably natural, honorable and moral, fades away. It is as if the very knowledge of truth—as if the distinction between what is true and what is not true, had become utterly lost or forgotten. The most earnest appeal to all that is left good in these lost natures is rarely of permanent service, while the practice, which is the bane, is retained."

—

WHO can assign bounds to the demand for tinned or canned oysters from Baltimore, lobsters from Maine, salmon from Alaska, peaches from Florida and Maryland? One petroleum firm in the city of New York is said to cut up 600 boxes (30 tons) of tin plate daily. No less than 1,600,000 boxes are already absorbed yearly by the United States, more than three-fold the consumption of the continent of Europe, of which quantity a full tenth goes to pack sardines at Nantes. Australian meat craves an ever-increasing supply, while British biscuits, mustard and gunpowder range in bright cannisters all over the world. The home consumption is variously estimated at between 500,000 and 750,000 boxes a year, but the returns to the Government have not been ample and unreserved enough for any accurate figures to be laid down.

—

A DISCUSSION was recently going on at a London tavern in regard to the national characteristics of French, English, and Americans, when, by way of illustration, one of the party said he had seen horses run away in Paris, London, and Boston. In Paris there was much shouting by the rabble, while the horses were caught by a Scotchman. In London an English policeman, without one thought of his own preservation, threw himself directly in front of the mad animals and was killed; while in the case of the Yankee, the horses were allowed to pass, when he caught hold of the tail-board of the wagon, climbed in, passed thence to the centre pole and caught the horses by the check-rein. Another gentleman recalled an incident of the Prince of Wales' landing, as a mark of his favor, a half-burned cigar to the nearest of the crowd surrounding his carriage at Bristol. The cigar was taken in respectful silence. It was said that a Frenchman would have taken it with many polite acknowledgements, and thrown it away at the first opportunity. An American would not have taken it at all; while a Scotchman would have smoked it in order to save the tobacco. As to "loyalty," when the Queen drives through Hyde Park, not a handkerchief will be fluttered, nor a cheer raised, but the President of the United States is accompanied on a public occasion by storms of cheers and the waving of hats. As the woman said by way of consoling the captain's wife whose husband had been eaten by the cannibals, "Every country has its own customs."

THE YESTERDAYS.

BY MARY CLEMMER.

I take your gifts, O yesterdays,
And safe from all unfriendly eyes
I set them one by one away,
Secure from change or sore surprise.

I take your gifts, glad yesterdays!
And when I turn from work to play,
From care to rest, they'll make me joy,
And make my heart its holiday.

I take your gifts, sad yesterdays—
The better deeds I might have done,
The tears I might have wiped away,
The higher heights I might have won.

You show, O tearful yesterdays,
How poor my life's most perfect part;
You tear the crown of pride away,
And give instead the pitying heart.

I see the wave of summer woods,
I hear the lapse of far off-streams,
The murmur of the honeyed pines
Runs sweet and low along my dreams.

And still a tender heart enfolds
A faded face, a haunting tone—
The lingering fragrance of a joy
One yesterday made all its own.

I take your gifts, rich yesterdays!
Henceforth may no soul call me poor,
Fortune may strip her guards away,
The wealth of all the past is sure.

We jostle in the careless crowd,
We meet, we part, we go our ways;
But each, unseen, bears up to God
The sum of all his yesterdays.

A Woman's Faith.

BY THEO. GIFT.

CHAPTER I.

SHALL I tell you what I mean to do, cousin Florinda?" said Miss Monkton, as she sat over the fire one evening in Christmas week.

"If you please, my dear."

"I mean to marry an officer. Then I shall move about with the army in spite of papa. I have some thoughts of Crosby, his own aide-de-camp. What would he say to that, now? I can tell you I have a prodigious fancy for Crosby."

"Captain Crosby," said Mrs. Bushe, in the tone of mild remonstrance which was all she ever ventured on with her charge Letitia.

She had been wandering softly round the room in the firelight, putting the books straight on the table, restoring the contents of Letitia's work box, which lay tumbled in a confused heap on the sofa.

Now she moved forward and stood on the hearthrug, a pale slender woman in a black satin gown, with light hair put plainly back, and worn delicate features, with enough beauty lingering about them to show that twenty years ago she might have been as lovely as Letitia was now.

Crosby, or any other aide-de-camp, ought to have felt himself honored by Miss Monkton's fancy.

She was "fair as the day," as her nurse said, with an old-fashioned bloom of roses in her cheeks, laughing eyes, brown hair with gold threads in it, which she wore gathered up into a mass of short curls, and a grace of movement and attitude which was not affected even by the oddly hideous short-waisted gowns of the time.

Mrs. Bushe and she had lived together in this old house, thirty miles from London for the last ten years, while Sir George Monkton, her father, a distinguished general officer, had been with the army.

They had only seen him twice during that time; but he wrote constantly to them both, and ordered every little thing about their household as if he had been living a mile off.

Now, at the end of December 1815, they were expecting him to pay them a visit.

He had come over from France two or three weeks ago: but with Sir George's business always took precedence of pleasure, and other people's business of his own, so that there were all sorts of military affairs to be settled in London before he could take a few weeks' rest and see his daughter.

"Pray don't scorch your face, Letitia," said Mrs. Bushe, moving her slow pensive eyes from the fire to those rosy cheeks in the full glow of it. "I wish your papa to find you looking well."

"Never mind," said Letitia, smiling. "He won't bring Crosby with him."

"You astonish me."

"Well now, cousin Florinda, it is all his own doing.

"He began three years ago, A fine young fellow, Crosby by name, has joined the regiment lately.

"'He is Irish, and I know nothing of his antecedents, but he will make a smart officer.' And you know it has gone on ever since.

"Crosby here, Crosby there, distinguishing himself over and over again. I know papa was only too glad to have him for his aide-de-camp when poor Captain Smith was killed last June.

"Since then he has been his right-hand man completely; has even addressed his letters sometimes—and very well he writes, too."

"All that may be very true," said Mrs. Bushe, looking down with the faintest smile of amusement, which Letitia did not see.

"But you don't seem to be aware that you are talking of this gentleman in a very extraordinary way. Let me assure you that he himself would not be flattered by it, and your papa would be horrified."

"O, but he would be flattered. Haven't I heard you say that men are the vainest creatures on earth? Especially officers. You detest officers, don't you?"

"I think they are not always to be trusted," said cousin Florinda gravely and coolly.

"Before I was married—at your age—I thought very much as you do."

"Then you can't blame me." said Letitia, who was leaning her chin on her hands and staring into the fire.

"Dear child," replied cousin Florinda after a moment's pause, "I trust these ideas of yours may never lead you into unhappiness like mine."

"O, no," said Letitia, and then she checked herself.

Major Bushe had been the most worthless of men; had treated his wife unkindly, spent all her money, and left her, without a farthing, on the charity of her relations.

Still his widow, having loved him in her young days, would not hear anything said against him now; and Letitia, being given to thoughtless chattering, often found silence the best refuge from an almost forbidden subject.

She believed in her heart that poor, pretty, gentle, old cousin Florinda would have talked a great deal about her past troubles if she had been encouraged.

But Letitia hated feelings, and any talk that was likely to bring them uppermost; it therefore suited her best to suppose that cousin Florinda preferred living in the present.

They were presently disturbed by a great tramping and rattling outside, and the pealing of a loud bell.

Sir George's carriage had driven into the yard.

They knew him well enough not to rush out to meet him.

Letitia pirouetted round the room; but was standing quite still near the door in her white dress, composed, but with scarlet cheeks and slightly disordered curls, when Sir George walked firmly and quickly up the stone passage, and came into the room.

He was a slight active-looking man of middle height, with gray hair cut close, and a dark reddish complexion.

He had taken off his greatcoat, and walked in like anybody else, as if he had been in the house for a week.

"How d'ye do, Florinda?" he said, shaking hands with Mrs Bushe. "You are very well, I hope, Letty how d'ye do?"

"How d'ye do, papa?" said Letitia, coming forward with small sliding steps. Her father kissed her, then held her hands and looked at her for a moment.

"You have been roasting your face. A bad thing, especially in cold weather."

"You have had a very cold drive papa?"

"Nothing worth complaining of," said Sir George.

He sat down, declining the arm-chair that Letitia pushed forward, and taking a high one by the table.

Since he had come in, the night somehow seemed so much colder; yet they both know that it was only manner, and that Sir George was really the best man in the world.

He talked politics, and told them what he had been doing in London.

"Dinner is waiting, I think," said Mrs. Bushe presently. "I thought you would like to have it as soon as you came in."

"Thank you. Quite unnecessary. I dined in town three hours ago. But pray don't let me keep you from your dinner," said Sir George, getting up and walking towards the door.

"O no, Sir George. I daresay it is not ready; and in fact Letitia and I have dined. We want nothing more," said Mrs. Bushe, rising too in a flutter, "thank you. If you will excuse me, I'll speak to the servants."

She glided out, full of natural feeling for the cook, who had been doing her very best to welcome the hungry traveler.

Last time he had arrived unexpectedly, and dinner had had to be cooked in a hurry at eight o'clock at night. Sir George was one of those men, now and then to be met with, who make no fuss about themselves, and yet give the greatest trouble to everybody.

"Florinda seems rather nervous this evening," said Sir George, looking approvingly at his daughter, who was quietly embroidering a working, and did not seem at all disturbed by household cares. "She looks thin. How do you agree?"

"Very well indeed, papa. We never quarrel."

"You obey, do you? Submit to rules? I believe many young women of your age think themselves independent."

"So I am—tolerably independent. I do whatever I please."

"Whatever you please! You are more fortunate than most people, then," said Sir George, smiling for the first time. "And you wish for no change? You told me in a letter last year that this place in winter was a living sepulchre."

"Did I? I forget: but I must have been in a bad temper that day," said Letitia. "The place is not gay, of course; but no, I wish for no change, papa, thank you. Unless—"

"Well!"

"Unless I could go about with you."

"That has been impossible. Now that we have peace, I may take you to Paris next summer."

"O, delightful!" said Letitia, clapping her hands.

"But there is an unless in the case there too."

"What can that be, papa?"

"I shall not explain myself at present. Do you see much of your neighbors at the Castle?"

"We see them occasionally," said Letitia. "But cousin Florinda does not care much for their society—neither do I.

"That is prejudice," said Sir George decisively. "They are excellent people, an old and wealthy family, nothing to be said against them."

"I have nothing to say, except that they are countrified and dull. I assure you, papa, Mrs. Barrett and her daughters think of nothing but making jam and knitting stockings. Mr. Barrett sleeps in his chair all day long, and young Mr. Barrett shoots rabbits."

"Prejudice," said Sir George again. "They are most worthy people."

"Don't you think that worthy and stupid are often only two words for the same thing papa?" said Miss Monkton, with a mischievous glance of her bright eyes.

Sir George moved from one stiff attitude to another, and frowned.

"Where did you get these ideas? Florinda Bushe is not a fit person to have charge of you."

"O, don't blame her, papa, pray. She is always being shocked, and scolding me. I am very sorry; but I see most of the Barretts over the top of the pew in church, and that makes one feel ill-tempered, you know. They wear such ugly bonnets; but I daresay they may be good. And young Mr. Barrett stares, rather."

The General's face softened.

"I have not much acquaintance with the ladies of the family," he said, "but Humphrey Barrett is an excellent fellow. I saw him in town last week; he came very civilly to call upon me. You are quite mistaken if you think his soul is in rabbits. And, by the by, he hopes to have the honor of dancing with you next Wednesday night."

"At their ball," said Letitia.

"Exactly. Are you fond of dancing?"

"O papa, amazingly!"

"You told Humphrey Barrett so one day, when he walked down the road from church with you and Florinda."

"I believe I did,"

"Then this will at least show you that he is a good-natured fellow. This ball is given in consequence of that remark of yours. So let me hear no more ungracious speeches about the Barrett family."

Letitia smiled, but without feeling particularly pleased.

No arguments, she was sure, could make her think young Barrett anything but an awkward lout.

And she did not believe this about the ball, for she felt sure that Mrs. Barrett had mentioned it to cousin Florinda before that Sunday.

The dinner mistake was not the only one made by Mrs. Bushe and her servants that night.

The best and largest bedroom in the house had been prepared for Sir George.

He had made up his mind that it would be much more convenient to everybody if he slept in a little room near the hall-door, which was at present filled up with old books, boxes, and lumber.

It was therefore cleared out and made ready for him.

Then when it was finished, and Sir George walked in to look at it, he immediately ordered out the fire and the carpets.

His habits were simple he said. He did not wish to accustom himself to luxuries, or to give any unnecessary trouble.

All being at last arranged, Letitia and her cousin wished Sir George good-night and went upstairs together.

Before going on into her own room, which was inside Florinda's, the girl stopped to kiss her and say good-night.

Mrs. Bushe was a good deal taller than Letitia. She held her in her arms, and looked down into the bright face with tired loving eyes.

"Cousin Florinda, you look worn out," said Letitia. "Now listen to me. Don't get up to-morrow morning. I will give papa his breakfast."

"I could not desert my post, my dear, thank you."

"O, well, you need not blame me for being obstinate. What plagues men are! Don't you think papa must drive his aide-de-camp quite mad? And who do you suppose he has made into a hero now?"

"I can't guess, indeed," said Mrs. Bushe.

"That stupid heavy fellow, Humphrey Barrett. He saw him in town last week. And what do you think? He told him that this ball of theirs is given in compliment to me. Because I told Humphrey I was fond of dancing. That must be a story, you know. Mrs. Barrett told you of it before."

"She did," said Florinda, coloring. "But to do them justice, her chief idea seemed to be that it would please you."

"O!" said Letitia.

Perhaps Florinda Bushe was scarcely a fit person to have the care of her, for she never could help telling her the truth.

Under Letitia's smiling penetrating gaze, no plot, no secret was safe with her cousin.

She looked away, she tried to move aside, but Letitia took hold of her arms and held her fast.

"There is some plot, I see," she said. "And you seem to be in it. You, the Barretts, and papa. What does it all mean?"

"A plot, my dear!" said Florinda. "I can't understand you. You are talking nonsense."

Letitia's laughing face grew graver and more determined.

"A plain question, then—and I'll have a plain answer. Have you all taken into your heads that I am to marry young Barrett? Tell me the truth, pray!"

"Letitia, have I ever deceived you?"

"Cousin Florinda, if you ever tried, you never succeeded. Come, you must not be angry. You love me, I know; you don't wish to make me miserable, and the less you say, the more I shall suspect. Unless you tell me the whole truth at once, I won't go to the ball. I'll fall down stairs and break my leg."

"A sprained ankle would answer the purpose, and be well sooner," said Florinda' smiling faintly. "Well, I'll trust to your honor to behave like a gentlewoman. Mrs. Barrett has taken it into her head, certainly; she has hinted as much to me several times. And I suppose her son has too. It seems from what you say that he has made some advances to Sir George, which have not been unfavorably received."

"And they all forget that there is one other person to be consulted," cried Letitia, stamping her foot. "What have I done to be given away to a lout like that? I hate and detest him! How can papa—how can you think such a thing possible!"

"He is heir, you see, to a fine property. There is some talk of him standing for the county. His politics and your papa's are the same; and no one has a word to say against his character."

"Ugly wretch!" said Letitia.

"I hate these old country families. Their brains are as thick as the mud in their fields.

"When I want to bury myself alive, I'll do it under pleasanter circumstances.

"You never thought I would marry him surely?"

Her eyes sparkled indignantly as she looked at her cousin. Florinda kissed her flushed forehead, and answered quietly.

"I hardly thought that you would be pleased with the idea.

"Now go to bed, my dear child, and to sleep. Of course your own wishes will be consulted."

"I should think so!" said Letitia, beginning to laugh.

Two hours later, Mrs. Bushe stole into her charge's room.

Letitia was sleeping like a child, though there was a damp look about the long eyelashes that lay on her rosy cheeks.

She moved and smiled as her cousin bent over her.

Was she dreaming of the ball?

CHAPTER II.

WHEN they came down next morning, it was snowing thickly.

Sir George sat in the coldest corner of the library, writing letters, and grumbling about something that Crosby had forgotten.

Presently he called Letitia to copy some papers for him, and she set to work at once, writing a neat little hand which satisfied her father.

They sat at each end of the table in front of the window, which looked out on a square grass-plot bounded by an ivy-wall.

Masses of snow already hung on the ivy, and the north wind had blown a great drift into a corner.

It was snowing still, and one or two bold but shivering robins came hopping on the windowsill.

"Poor little things! I'll fetch you some crumbs," said Letitia, who had quite recovered her usual good temper.

The idea of Humphrey Barrett was too absurdly impossible to bear the light of day.

"Keep to your writing for the present," said Sir George "I want those copies as soon as possible."

Presently having finished another letter, he laid his pen down and leaned back for a minute.

"Imagine a military secretary, or an aide-de-camp, leaving his work to feed robin redbreasts!" he said, with a good-humored smile.

"I don't believe that women do their work less well than men, because they are a little soft-hearted and can't endure to see birds starving in the cold," said Letitia.

"There is a time for everything," answered Sir George.

"It must seem rather strange to you, papa, to have me working with you instead of Captain Crosby," said Letitia, after a few minutes of diligent scratching.

"I feel like a man that has lost his right arm," said Sir George thoughtfully. "Very grateful for your help, Letty, all the same."

"You like him very much, then, papa?"

"He has been extremely useful to me. He has a head, which is more than can be said for most young fellows. He will get on. The Duke has noticed him several times. Yes, I value Crosby in spite of his faults."

"What are his faults?"

"Being an Irish adventurer, with all the absurdities of his nation, and nothing in the world but his pay."

"O!" said Letitia, with a tone of satisfaction, which Sir George did not notice. If it had struck him, and roused any train of thought, this story would most likely never have been written.

"He is the most hasty-tempered fellow I ever met with," he went on. "A few weeks ago, he turned off a man for robbing him, without any evidence of the fact.

"All he told me was, that the rascal had a villainous face, and he could believe anything of him.

"Now that is not justice and I told Crosby so."

"I should have agreed with him, most likely," said Letitia. "People's faces generally tell the truth."

"That is a very juvenile doctrine," said Sir George, smiling.

After another short silence Letitia looked up again.

"Where is Captain Crosby now, papa? In London?"

"Yes; I left him at the hotel."

"Was he going home for New Year's-day?"

"Home, home!" repeated Sir George, with a letter in his hand. "Crosby? Why, no. He has no home, I suppose. He is an Irishman."

"But he has a home in Ireland?"

"I never heard of it. He appears to have no relations or connections of any kind.

An adventurer—he has to carve his fortune for himself."

"Poor man!" said Letitia. "And yet he is a gentleman?"

"To be sure," said Sir George.

For the last few minutes his manner had been very absent, and now he began to frown, to mutter, and to twist the letter he held backwards and forwards.

"This must be explained. I have certainly mislaid his last letter. Confound it! what is the use of trying to do business without Crosby! The communication was made to him, too. This is most vexatious!"

"What is it, papa?"

"Business connected with the regiment."

Sir George gave no further explanation, but got up, pushing his chair back so hurriedly that the robins flew away in a fright. He walked once or twice up and down the room, and then stopped by the table.

"Mind, Letitia, I will have no unnecessary fuss. But tell me honestly, would it be a great disturbance to Florinda to have a bed made up in some small room for Crosby? He is a soldier, like myself; he wants no luxuries. But I cannot settle this affair without him."

Letitia answered gravely that she had no doubt cousin Florinda would be happy to receive Captain Crosby, or any friend of her papa's.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Our Young Folks.

MAGGIE'S DELUSION.

BY LYDIA CAMPLIN.

MAGGIE RANSOME was nine years old. She was the eldest of a little pair of twin daughters, who had been born in India, where the father and mother were still living.

The younger sister Mabel, grew and throve in her Indian home; but Maggie pined gradually away; so when Major Ransome's sister, Mrs. Shanklin, was compelled by the death of her husband to return to England, it was hastly decided that little Maggie should accompany her, and be brought under her care.

For seven years, therefore, Maggie had been living in a pleasant home at Kensington, the only danger being lest she should be spoiled by her kind aunt, who had left, not only her husband, but a baby daughter, sleeping in the little cemetery among the Indian hills, and who had taken Maggie into her warm heart in the place of the child she had lost. Maggie's health, which had wonderfully improved for some years after she had left India, had during the last few months caused her aunt some anxiety.

It was therefore a real belief to Mrs. Shanklin when a letter arrived bringing the welcome intelligence that Major Ransome was coming home on furlough, and would arrive with his wife and little Mabel within the following few weeks.

This was joy indeed to Maggie, a warm-hearted, loving child, whose dreams by night and thoughts by day had often been about the absent parents and dear little sister of whom she had hardly any recollection.

To her great delight she was allowed to accompany Mrs. Shanklin to Gravesend, and there the happy meeting took place.

There could not be a greater contrast than that afforded by the two sisters, for while Maggie resembled Major Ransome, Mabel was like her mother, a little fairy-like thing, with blue eyes and flaxen hair.

Mabel was a timid, quiet child, secretly a little afraid of the warm-hearted sister who was ready to smother her with caresses, while on her part Maggie was conscious of a little disappointment, though she would not have owned it, to find that Mabel received her affection so calmly.

But the children were supremely happy with each other, and Maggie's sunshine knew not a cloud until her parents had been several weeks in England, and then it was that Cousin Jack came to visit them.

Jack was Aunt Shanklin's nephew, and regularly spent all his holidays at Kensington.

He was not a bad boy at heart; but his love of teasing led him sometimes to do harm when he did not intend it, and he particularly enjoyed teasing Maggie, because, as he said, he could make her angry in an instant.

The children were together when Jack arrived.

He did not venture on any mischief while Mabel was present; but as soon as she had left the room he began upon poor Maggie.

"What a pretty little sister you've got!" said he. "You do look a fright beside her, Meg. I shall alter the old rhyme for your benefit.

"Queen Anne, Queen Anne, she sits in the sun,
As white as a lily, as brown as a bun."

How do you like the new version, ma'am?" and Jack sang in a croaky voice:

"Two little sisters they sit in the sun,
Mabel's fair like a lily, Meg's brown as a bun."

"It doesn't make any difference what you think of us, Jack," said Maggie, "mamma and papa love us just alike, and so does Aunt Shanklin."

On every occasion where he had a chance he sang this same song, and made Maggie believe her parents on account of her dark complexion did not like her.

But the next climax of her trials was reached soon after. It had long been a promise of Mrs. Shanklin that she should one day accompany her on a visit to a farmhouse in Cornwall, and this very summer was named as the time for the visit to be made. What then was Maggie's disappointment when her aunt told her very tenderly that it was now found necessary that plans should be altered, and that Maggie must remain, for the present at least, at home with her parents, while Mrs. Shanklin, whose journey could not be postponed, took Mabel with her into Cornwall.

"How soon shall we come to join you, auntie?" asked Maggie dolefully.

"I cannot say, my darling; you know that I never deceive you, and it is possible you may not come at all; some other pleasure will be provided for you, Maggie dear."

And Maggie would have been satisfied a week before, and would, after a natural burst of disappointment, have made the best of it; but now Jack's cruel words had poisoned her trust in her mother and aunt, and she felt full of bitterness.

"I wish I could take you, dear," said her aunt, seeing her clouded face; "but you will have another treat, I know."

"Another treat won't be like seeing the cows milked, and the chickens fed, and picking the fruit in the orchard, and going down to the beach."

Her aunt kissed her little niece's flushed forehead, and would have said more to comfort her; but she was called away, and the next person to enter was her little sister sorry that Maggie was not going too, but full of a natural delight at the prospect of so much pleasure; and Maggie's heart, already full, felt as though it would burst, when a loud voice began to sing under the window—

"Two little maidens they sit in the sun,
One's fair as a lily, one brown as a bun."

"What does Jack mean?" asked Mabel innocently, "he's always singing that old rhyme."

"He is a wicked boy," answered Maggie.

Maggie began to cry so much, that even Jack himself was a little frightened, and came in to administer comfort, and say that he was only in fun; but the indignant children drove him away, and he beat a hasty retreat, half afraid that he had carried his joke too far.

Three days afterwards Aunt Shanklin set off with Mabel, and Maggie was left with her parents.

As she sat the next morning playing with her doll Mrs. Ransome came in with a baby's robe over her arm.

"What is that, mamma?" asked Maggie.

"It is one of the long robes you wore when you were a baby; perhaps you will like to help me to make it up for dolly. I fancied you looked a little disappointed at giving up the doll in long clothes, though like a good child you kept your word."

"How very kind of you, mother, dear," answered Maggie, with a little pang at her want of trust.

As they sat altering the robe, a cardboard box was brought in to Mrs. Ransome.

"This ought to have come yesterday," she said, taking it in her hands. "Your aunt was disappointed that it did not. Open it, Maggie. It is for you."

"For me!" said the child, and she untied the string. Inside was a little dress of oatmeal-cloth, in shape just like the one which Mrs. Blake had sent for Mabel, but with crewel embroidery of crimson flowers and green leaves.

"Oh, mamma, how lovely!" cried she, as she drew it forth. "Is it for me?"

"You heard your aunt say that you should have another instead of the blue that was so unbecoming to you," remarked her mother, "and of course you know that she meant it."

Maggie could not help seeing how much more suitable this one was for her than the other, and her conscience reproached her for having lost faith in her kind aunt so soon.

"Jack was quite wrong," she said, repentantly to herself, "quite, quite wrong. Still, I don't see why I shouldn't go into Cornwall, after I had been promised."

"Dr. Jackson is here, ma'am," said the servant coming to the door, "I've shown him into the drawing-room."

Mrs Ransome left the room for a few minutes, and then returned with the old physician.

"We did not expect you for some days, doctor," she said as they entered; "how is it you returned home so soon?"

"I did not expect it myself," he answered; "but here I am, you see; and so this is the little girl you are anxious about, eh, madam?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Ransome; "you must please make a very careful examination, doctor."

Maggie felt frightened as the doctor drew forth a curious instrument and began to examine her.

Mrs. Ransome watched him anxiously.

"Let me hear your opinion in another room," she said, when he had finished.

"Do not be alarmed, my dear madam," he replied cheerfully; "you could not have chosen a wiser step than that you are about to make.

"It will put roses into this young lady's cheeks, and, by God's blessing, check what is now only a tendency; but which might have soon developed into a disease; and as for you, my little lass," he added, patting Maggie kindly on the shoulder, "you're a very fortunate child, I think—a very fortunate child. How could you persuade Captain Marcus to take her? he continued.

"Captain Marcus had invited both my husband and myself," returned she, "and I pleaded so earnestly for Maggie, that at last he consented that she should go too. The yacht will be away six weeks, and then we are to land at Penzance, and stay a little while at a farmhouse near. Another pleasure for Maggie is that now Captain Marcus says his own little motherless girl shall go too."

"Altogether a most complete arrangement," said Dr. Jackson; and after a few directions about diet and clothing he took his leave. Maggie sat still for some moments after he had gone; then running to her mother she put both arms round her neck, and burst into tears.

"Oh, mother," said she. "Do forgive me. I have been so naughty and so miserable. Jack said you did not care for me so much as for Mabel, because I was so brown, and I believed him."

"And is that why Jack was always singing—

"Fair as a lily, and brown as a bun?"

"Yes," sobbed Maggie; "but auntie has been so good to me, I was naughty not to trust her."

"You were my dear child; but you see now," said her mother earnestly, "it was all a delusion that we did not love you as well as your sister, and it was thoughtless and wicked of Jack to tease you."

"He said at last he was only in fun," said poor Maggie; "but I couldn't get over it."

"You will now," said her mother; "you will never doubt us again: and, Maggie dear, remember one thing—'Trust brings rest.'"

"I will, mother," said the child, with a kiss.

Before Maggie saw Jack that evening, the young gentleman had received a solemn talking-to from his uncle, and had been made to feel how selfish and unkind his conduct to Maggie had been.

He was so sorry, that he made a serious promise of amendment, and was not ashamed to ask earnestly for Maggie's forgiveness.

Maggie was too generous to bear any resentment.

She forgave him with as hearty a kiss as if he had never teased her.

When they entered the dining-room, Major Ransome was standing on the hearth-rug.

"And so my little girl thought her parents loved Mabel better than they did Maggie," he said, smiling.

Maggie jumped up, and tried to put her hand over her father's mouth.

"You mustn't say a word about that, papa," she said, "I know better now."

"Yes," added her mother; "that was Maggie's delusion. I have been teaching her that 'Trust brings rest.'"

A FANTASTIC KING.

Europe possesses a monarch who not only shuns the public gaze and withdraws from his subjects' observation when his capital is revelling in festivities and beer to celebrate the 700th anniversary of the foundation of his dynasty, who not only lets a curtain down to shelter him from his private secretary's view when engaged in transacting business with the latter, but to whom even distant and soundly inhabited mountain districts do not offer sufficient privacy without the adoption of special precautions against all possible intruders. Few, indeed, are those who can boast of having seen King Louis of Bavaria in one of his summer retreats, and it is only by combining various accounts and rumors with the result of a short ocular glimpse at the Lindenhof, that I am able to sketch out faintly some of the wonders of that fairy Alpine nook, without, however, vouching absolutely for the correctness of all details.

There stands a palace, an imitation of the one at Versailles. Gigantic caryatides support the projecting parts of the edifice. Gilt balconies and niches rich with marble statues enliven its front and allegorical figures of all kinds, the seasons, the four parts of the world, are distributed in the arbors and shrubberies all around. The entrance is copied from the beautiful porch of the cathedral at Rheims. The interior of the chateau is furnished from Paris, in the gorgeous style of the Renaissance. Costly Gobelins deck the walls, numberless agates ornament the stoves, embroideries of rare and expensive kinds meet the eye everywhere, and the bed in which the King sleeps is of so magnificient construction, the gold embroidery on the red velvet curtains so elaborate, that $400,000 are said to have been spent on this article of furniture alone.

But all this splendor sinks into insignificance before the marvels in the park. Memories of ancient Greece rise up before us as we behold on the hillside a temple of Venus, and in it a beautiful statue of the goddess, in the purest marble of Carrara. Behind it a tunnel of great extent leads us into the bowels of the mountain. Here all the descending waters have been caught up and gathered into an artificial subterranean lake. The cavern is coated on the inside with limestone, and is known by the name of the Blue Grotto, owing to the blue resplendence of the water in it in former days. But now the resemblance to Capri and its cave has vanished. The royalty inhabiting this fairy palace caused the cave to be lit up by day and by night with artificial flames, protected by globes or plates of gilt glass, and thus it is on waves of liquid gold that glides along the swan-shaped gondola and its solitary occupant, girt may be with Lohengrin's armor. An ingenious contrivance, driven by steam, agitates the waters of this still cave and produces the semblance of the effects of a breeze. No human eye being allowed to gaze on this strange boating exercise, the life of the royal hermit was in no small danger some time ago, when the steam engine created a veritable storm, and the bark was capsized. It has been hinted that the artificial moon which casts its light on the royal slumberer at Munich has a chance of being transported hither to grace these subterranean scenes. The cave is heated the whole year round, in order that the royal owner may, on a sudden and unexpected visit, find the temperature to his taste. The lake serves to feed numerous fountains irrigating and decorating the park, and surrounded by brilliant flower beds.

The chilly atmosphere not being propitious for training flowers, they are reared in nursery gardens far away in the plains and mysteriously planted before daybreak by the hands of gardeners who withdraw during daytime in order not to break the spell of the all-prevading silence. A flight of two hundred marble steps, fringed with beautiful flowers, takes us down the hill to the famous old linden tree, which has given its name to the place. We observe a fountain sending up jets of water to unusual heights, and, finally, we come once more upon the fine bronze lions holding watch near the gate. Rocky peaks and mountain wilds surround the park, and prohibit profane eyes from partaking in pleasures unique in the fullest sense of the word. Two spots to the south of the palace still require mention. Below the mountain, on a solitary Alpine meadow, inaccessible to tourists, untrodden by any common mortal, a hut has been built, as described by Wagner in his opera "Walkure," a true hut of trunks, branches, and bark. Above it lies a hermitage of similar construction, and in front of it a tiny lake, sides and bottom laid out with tin, to prevent the waters from escaping through the porous soil. So lonely is the spot that the chamois comes there to drink.

Less simple in style is a Moorish pavilion surnamed Morocco, standing in the midst of dark firs, but resplendent with gold and jewelry. The most precious ornament it contains is a large peacock, rich in emerald and turquoises, suspended from the midst of the ceiling, and lit up by magnificent chandeliers; the light of which is thrown back from innumerable mirrors lining the octagon on all sides.

King Louis, though not so handsome as he has been, is still an uncommonly fine-looking man. He has shown eminent good sense in all cases of emergency, both with regard to the government of Bavaria and to German politics, and so long as he continues to do so his countrymen will not grumble at his eccentric fancies, though they may think that it is rather expensive in these days to realize scenes from fairyland without the aid of a magician's wand.

THE WANDERING JEW.—An old book thus speaks of the alleged appearance of this character in Hull, England, in 1769: 'This Jew was born at Jerusalem, and was by trade a Shoe Maker; when Our Saviour was going to the Place of Crucifixion, being Weary and Faint, he would have sat down to rest at the Shoe Maker's stall; but the Shoe Maker came to the door, and spitting in our Lord's Face, bufletted him from the door, saying, that was no place of abode for him—on which Christ said, For this Thing thou shalt never Rest, but wander till I come again upon the Earth. From this he was called the Wandering Jew of Jerusalem. Now, according to this saying of Our Saviour——this Man had no Power to return Home, but went about wandering from Place to Place ever since, even unto this day——Some Time since he landed at Hull in Yorkshire, where Dr. Hull, taking him for a Cheat, caused him to be locked up in a Room all night; but next Morning they found the Door open, though their Prisoner had not attempted to escape. Dr. Hall sent for Dr. Harrison, in order to assist him in the Examination of so remarkable a personage, that they might be sure whether he was an Impostor or no. They asked him concerning the breaking of the Locks of the Room in which he had been shut up. He told them, if they would accept to confine him with Chains, it would avail nothing, human Force cannot confine him whom the Almighty had sentenced to want a resting Place. They——sent for a Smith to put strong Chains on him; but they instantly burst asunder, to the Surprise of a thousand Spectators. Not being able to doubt any longer, they sent for a Painter, and had his Picture drawn, in which he looked neither Old or Young, but just as he did 1,767 Years ago, when he began his Journey. The King of France hearing of this, wrote for his Picture, which Dr. Hall accordingly sent him——He is always Crying and Praying, and wishing to see Death; but that Ease from his Laboring Pilgrimage, he says can never happen until Christ comes again upon earth.

DOES IT CURE NEURALGIA?—Read, and you will know.

DOVER, N. H., Sept. 26, 1876.

It is a pleasure and satisfaction to me to state what great relief I found in the use of Holman's Pads. I was seized with the worst form of *Neuralgia* in my head last January. Since that time five physicians have had my money, without curing me. I have worn the Pad ten days, *and feel like a new man.* I have no doubt that the cure will be complete. The relief has been wonderful.

GILES J. WOOD, *Master Mariner.*

The secret of the action of Holman's Pads in Neuralgia is simply this: Neuralgia is a disorder of the *Nerves.* It is largely through the nerves that the Pad does its work. Hence Holman's Pad *does* cure many of the most severe cases.

HOLMAN'S PADS for sale by all druggists, or sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of $2. Address HOLMAN PAD CO., 744 Broadway N. Y.

ODDITIES OF INTERMENTS.

A CONSTABLE in Franklin County, Penn., served a writ on a man as, with other members of the family, the debtor was standing by his father's open grave.

At Templeton, Mass., the Rev. Gerard Bushnell, died, aged seventy-five. His wife, two years his senior, had died on the preceding day. They were buried in the same grave on the same day.

In Paris the percentage of civil interments varies from 0.6 per cent. at Passy to 37.4 at Montmartre. As the funerals become humbler the rate increases; rich people are buried from the church, but of the funerals of the poor—the lowest class—more than one-half are conducted without religious ceremonies.

New attractions are lent to one's funeral by a Baltimore undertaker who by the use of chemical agents makes the cheeks of the corpse to bloom like the rose.

On the tomb of [illegible]-Savarin, at Pere Lachaise, an artist scattered [illegible] of the "Physiology of Taste," deposited on the Day of the Dead last year—not a wreath but a liver pie.

The late Mr. John W. Dwinelle, of San Francisco, after prescribing all the arrangements for his funeral, wrote as follows: "I desire that there shall be no adjournment of court. I desire that the hour of the funeral shall be fixed at 1 o'clock, P. M., so that the members of the bar who wish may attend it without interfering with the business of the courts. The custom of adjourning the court when a lawyer dies ought to become obsolete. There is no good reason why the business of twelve Courts of Record should be interrupted for a day because a lawyer, even the most distinguished, happens to die."

At the funeral of a resident of East Prussia recently, his wife caused the coffin to be filled with pipes, tobacco, cabbage, bread, salt, and other articles of food and luxury.

Mr. "Barefoot" Walker, of Columbus, Ga., so-called because he had not worn shoes for forty years, had been laid in his coffin and was about to be lowered into the grave when, as the mourners were bending over to obtain a last view, the corpse arose and asked "what they meant by such treatment."

Lord Truro is a believer in simplicity of funerals. His wife was buried in a plain and light wooden box, constructed so as not to arrest the process of natural decay, in a grave dug by himself in the lawn fronting his residence, the spot having been selected by Lady Truro herself.

Bishop Corrigan, of New Jersey, will not allow services to be performed at funerals where there are more than twelve carriages present. Cardinal Manning, in England, discourages lavish expenditure on such occasions and is opposed to Sunday funerals. The Archbishop of Canterbury has also come out in favor of simplification of funerals.

Mr. Wilmarth, of New York, when the Newfoundland dog that had saved his life died of old age, had it buried encased in a costly coffin bearing a silver plate, in his family lot in Greenwood. So great a scandal was raised that the trustees forbade the interment of dumb animals there hereafter.

At the funeral of Rober J. Smith, of Pittsburg Pa., his divorced wife pleaded, with bitter tears, to be permitted to look upon the face of the corpse, but was repulsed by the family and clergyman.

Sheriff J. R. S. Wilhelm of Scott County, Va., was during the war, twice shot through the body. Each time he was given up for dead, and his friend, Major Wood, had his coffin made and placed in their tent. Whenever the Sheriff is buried it will be in his third coffin.

The relatives of John Hammill, of Sparta, N. J., not thinking that he had been buried up to his merits, disinterred the body, placed it in a new casket and reburied it, leaving the rejected coffin beside the grave.

There was an extraordinary character in Yorkshire at the beginning of the present century named Jemmy Hirst, of Rawcliffe, who was a well-known figure at Doncaster and York races. When Jemmy had made his fortune as a tanner he resolved to eat the tan-yard and "set up as a swell" for the remainder of his life. The first step he took to that end was to procure a handsome oaken coffin, furnished with a folding lid, which was let into the corner of his parlor like a cupboard and filled with provisions and liquor. When Jemmy Hirst died, rich and full of years, he left directions in his will that he was to be buried in the aforesaid coffin, and this his body was to be carried to the grave by eight old maids who were to receive half a guinea apiece for their services. The eight old maids, however, were not forthcoming, and eight buxom widows were engaged at half a crown a head to do duty as bearers. The motley procession was headed by bagpipes and a fiddle, and the country folks flocked in by hundreds to pay their last respects to Jemmy Hirst, of Rawcliffe. He died in 1836. Mr. Ellis King, who lived in King's Bench Walk some eighty years ago, kept his coffin in his chambers filled with wine and spirits, to be drunk by his friends on the day of his funeral. The coffin occupied a conspicuous place in the room and was always solemnly toasted at his convivial parties the last thing before the guests took their leave.

THERE is food for much reflection in the Arab proverb, "All sunshine makes the desert."

WHEN your liver is out of order use Dr. Jayne's Sanative Pills, and you will bring back this organ to a healthy condition, and get rid of many distressing symptoms.

New Publications.

From White & Co., Boston, we have received a number of new Christmas carols, amounting to sixteen. They are all good, and specially adapted to home use. Single copy six cents.

The Secretary, J. A. Reall, has sent us the current quarterly Journal of the American Agricultural Association. It contains a great deal of matter of the highest practical value to farmers. Subscription $2.00 a year.

We have received a copy of the second edition of "Notes from Sunland," by Samuel C. Upham. To those interested in the country, it gives a great deal of curious and valuable information. Price, 25 cents. Claxton & Co., publishers.

"[illegible]" is a delightful [illegible] thing in the book is bright, and every word goes straight to the mark. The parents are good, common-sense people, and "Baby" is a genuine boy—not a pet of the nursery, but a romping, hearty creature, full of life and questions. T. B. Peterson & Bros. Price, 50 cents.

From Lippincott & Co. we have received "Craque-o'Doom," a story which takes its strange name from one of its girl characters, and which will well repay perusal. There is no particular intricacy of plot, or startling painting of character, but the author, M. H. Catherwood, has evidently written more with the object of being simply entertaining for the moment than of producing a work remarkably impressive or lasting. Price, stiff paper cover, 50 cents.

"Ballads in Black," a great volume containing a series of original Shadow Pantomimes, with forty-eight full page silhouette illustrations, and full directions for producing shadow pictures with novel effects. The accompanying ballads are by F. E. Chase, and the pictures, which are not only apt, but extremely funny, by J. F. Goodridge. It is something we can commend for home and social entertainments. Price, $1.00. Lee & Shepard, publishers. For sale by Claxton & Co.

"The Young Folks' Robinson Crusoe" is the title of a re-arrangement of that perennial work, edited by William T. Adams. All the most interesting parts of the original are retained, but condensed and so arranged that it forms a more than usually valuable reading book. Every page is full of life and adventure, which are heightened by the fine pictures scattered profusely through its pages. It forms a handsome volume of 266 pages, and would be a most suitable holiday book for the young ones. Illuminated back. Price, $1.25. Published by Lee & Shepard. For sale by Claxton & Co.

[illegible] Four Feathered Lovers, a history of [illegible] and [illegible] described by Frank A. Nicholas, [illegible] It is [illegible] Bess and Jenny [illegible] Mischief Bess, Alice and [illegible] Wonder Horse. Each [illegible] a simple [illegible] and cannot help becoming a great favorite with the boys and girls. Along with the entertaining matter and the clear, large type, there are numerous illustrations which constitute a feast in themselves. The book is handsomely bound in Illuminated covers. Lee & Shepard, publishers. For sale by Claxton & Co.

Another of the very entertaining and instructive numbers of the "Heroes of History" series has been published. It deals with [illegible]eigh, his Exploits and Voyages." Sir Walter Raleigh is one of the most romantic figures in history, and this work treats of his career in a way that not only makes the book valuable historically, but it offers reading possessing all the attractiveness of the best fiction. The author, George M. Towle, has aimed to make the volume particularly acceptable to the young, and a better book could not be in a boy's hands. It is beautifully printed, and bound in red and black. Price, $1.25. Lee & Shepard, Boston, publishers. For sale by Claxton & Co., this city.

Anything coming from the pen of the famous French author, Jules Verne, is bound to be interesting, and "The Tribulations of a Chinaman" is no exception. Its character is expressed in the title, and from the lively introduction to the no less lively close there is a steady flow of adventures, exciting and humorous, that drives dull care away on the wings of the wind. Its only value, however, does not consist in its delightful charm of narration, as a great deal of curious information is scattered through its pages concerning the habits and customs of that strangest of strange peoples, the Chinese. Beautifully bound in green and gold. Price, $1.50. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston. For sale by Claxton & Co.

"Hector," by Flora L. Shaw, is a beautiful little tale of child life. Its tone throughout is pure and fresh, and the story it tells is as fresh as it is fascinating. Its more striking incidents are related with uncommon power, but it is in the delineation of character and chiefly in that of its heroine, by whose lips the recital is given, that its chief charm is to be found. It is a book for both old and young to read with genuine pleasure. Published by Roberts Bros. Received from Lippincott & Co., this city. Price, $1.00.

We have received the "Third Quarterly report of the Kansas State Board of Agriculture for 1881." It can be procured free on application to F. D. Coburn, Secretary, Topeka, Kansas, by inclosing six cents for postage.

"The Initials" is a splendid work, and deservedly so, for rarely has such an artistic and absorbing book claimed the attention of the reading public. It was written by the Baroness Tautphoeus, the wife of a German nobleman, and is a remarkably absorbing story of love and travel in Germany. It contains hosts of romantic incidents, none of which is forced or unnatural, though some of them are exciting in the extreme. The plot is unusually clever, holding the reader's attention throughout, and the characters are portrayed with exceptional skill. T. B. Peterson & Bros., this city. Price, 75 cents.

"Tutti-Frutti," a book of child songs, by Laura Ledyard and W. T. Peters, with designs by D. Clinton Peters, is an exceedingly pretty illustrated holiday volume. It is in quarto size, and the songs as well as the illustrations are produced by the engraver's process. The verses are bright and clever, and well adapted to amuse the class for whom they are intended. The illustrations, which are full-page, are much to be praised. They are gracefully drawn, and splendidly illustrate the ideas of the songs. The cover is printed in colors, and is highly attractive. Published by Geo. W. Harlan, New York.

"Stories of Adventure Told by Adventurers," by Edward E. Hale. This book, along with two others of the series, is intended to teach young readers how to use [illegible] to the [illegible]ress of knowledge in the shape of libraries at their command. It consists mainly of exciting and interesting stories told of the great ones of the world, in such a manner that a boy or girl will not rest satisfied until they have learned further particulars of each subject. And it is done in such a continuous and pleasant way that the book has all the charm of a good story, with the benefit of more solid reading. Bound in red, black and gold. Roberts Bros., publishers. Price, $1.00.

"My First Holiday; or Letters from Colorado, Utah and California," by Caroline H. Dall, is a very readable volume of travel. Mrs. Dall begins at Denver, and goes from there to Leadville, sees the scenery about Colorado Springs, spends some days in Utah, and "does" the California scenery and sensations somewhat more elaborately. She has made a capital book of this experience. Her letters are always readable in every part. As a fine picture of the country traversed, and a record of lively individual impressions, it is one of the best we have read for [illegible] time. Its defect is the lack of divisions into [illegible] chapters, and a good index would have a tendency to improve it. Published by Roberts Bros., Boston. For sale by Lippincott & Co. Price, $1.50.

"The Bird of Truth, and Other Fairy Tales," by Fernan Caballero. These are selections from the immense mass of curious folk lore which floats about the sunny land of Spain. Many of these stories exist in allied forms in other countries. A Spanish lady, who writes under the pen name of Caballero, has published in two volumes this collection, gathered from Andalusia and other provinces. Thirty one of these have been put into English by J. H. Morgan, and adapted especially for children, the severest, and at the same time the kindest of critics. They will find something quite new, and having a peculiar and attractive flavor. For the sake of variety, two tales from de Trueba are included. Six comical illustrations add to the attractiveness of the volume. J. B. Lippincott & Co.

A book which should find a place in every library is, "Who Wrote It?" This is a copious and extensive index to the authorship of the more noted works in ancient and modern literature, by William A. Wheeler, edited by G. A. Wheeler. There is nothing so little known as the origin of many of the famous works referred to in cotemporary literature, and this volume may be looked upon as unique in making the information readily accessible. For all who wish to be accurate in statement (and this is a most important matter in this day of boundless reading and writing) nothing is better adapted for reference and consultation than "Who Wrote It?" It solves many literary problems, and is a marvel of research and learning. Price, $2.00. Lee & Shepard, publishers. For sale by Claxton & Co.

A BOY aged seven, while "playing circus" in Harrisburg a few days ago, stood upon his head so long that he was attacked with brain fever and died in a few hours.

WOMEN that have been given up by their dearest friends as beyond help, have been permanently cured by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It is a positive cure for all female complaints. Send to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamphlets.

HOW DR. C. W. BENSON'S
Celery and Chamomile Pills
Build up the Nervous system and positively cure Sick Headache, Nervous Headache, Neuralgia, Nervousness, Sleeplessness and Dyspepsia. It has been proved that they successfully ward off all danger of Paralysis, Apoplexy and Sudden death. Their effect upon the Nervous system is something wonderful, and there is no [illegible] that thousands of people avail themselves of such a valuable remedy, while it may be found, in these days of Nervous Diseases. The simplest [illegible] purity of these pills are at once in their favor as they [illegible] plastic.

Paralytics that have not walked for two years have been fully restored by these pills, and thousands of cases of Sick and Nervous Weakness perfectly cured, while the cases of Sick and Nervous Headache and Neuralgia they have cured are innumerable. [illegible] and add to their popularity. [illegible] in their favor, for while they [illegible] Nervous Diseases, they also improve the general health, and especially the complexion and skin, most invariably improve the digestion.

Sold by all druggists. Price, 50 cents a box. Depot, 106 North Eutaw St., Baltimore, Md. By mail two boxes for $1.00, or six boxes for $2.50, to any address.

DR. C. W. BENSON'S
SKIN CURE
Is Warranted to Cure
ECZEMA, TETTERS, HUMORS, INFLAMMATION, MILK CRUST, ALL ROUGH SCALY ERUPTIONS, DISEASES OF HAIR AND SCALP, SCROFULA ULCERS, PIMPLES and TENDER ITCHINGS on all parts of the body. It makes the skin white, soft and smooth; removes tan and fly-blue, and is the BEST toilet dressing in THE WORLD. Elegantly put up, two bottles in one package, consisting of both internal and external treatment.
All first class druggists have it. Price $1, per package.

HOSTETTER'S
CELEBRATED

STOMACH
BITTERS
One of the Reasonable Pleasures
of life, a properly-cooked meal, affords little or no present enjoyment, and much subsequent torture to a confirmed dyspeptic. But when chronic indigestion is combatted with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the food is eaten with relish, and most important of all, is assimilated by and nourishes the system. Use this grand tonic and corrective also to remedy constipation, biliousness, rheumatism, fever and ague.
For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

LARGEST DRESS TRIMMINGS HOUSE
17, 19 and 21 North 8th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Some months ago "The Saturday Evening Post" commenced telling its readers about

THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP.

About its being a labor saving invention, destined to afford wonderful relief to overworked women and servant-girls; that it was as necessary to the comfort of the Rich as of the Poor; that the Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes was a better way and an easier way than the old way, and that it would answer both for the finest laces and garments and for the coarser clothing of the laboring classes; that the directions were so simple and easy that a child could have no trouble in following them; and that it was a cheap soap to use; that a few minutes' time on the part of a housekeeper of ordinary intelligence was all that was necessary to show the girl or washerwoman how to use it, and every housekeeper should insist on its being used **exactly by the directions,** and should not listen to any excuse for not using it.

The Saturday Evening Post also endorsed all these statements, and told its readers that the Frank Siddalls Soap and the Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes **never** failed when the soap fell in the hands of a person of Refinement, Intelligence and Honor.

A Person of Refinement,

The Saturday Evening Post said, would be glad to adopt an easy, clean, neat way of washing clothes in place of the old, hard, sloppy, filthy way.

A Person of Intelligence,

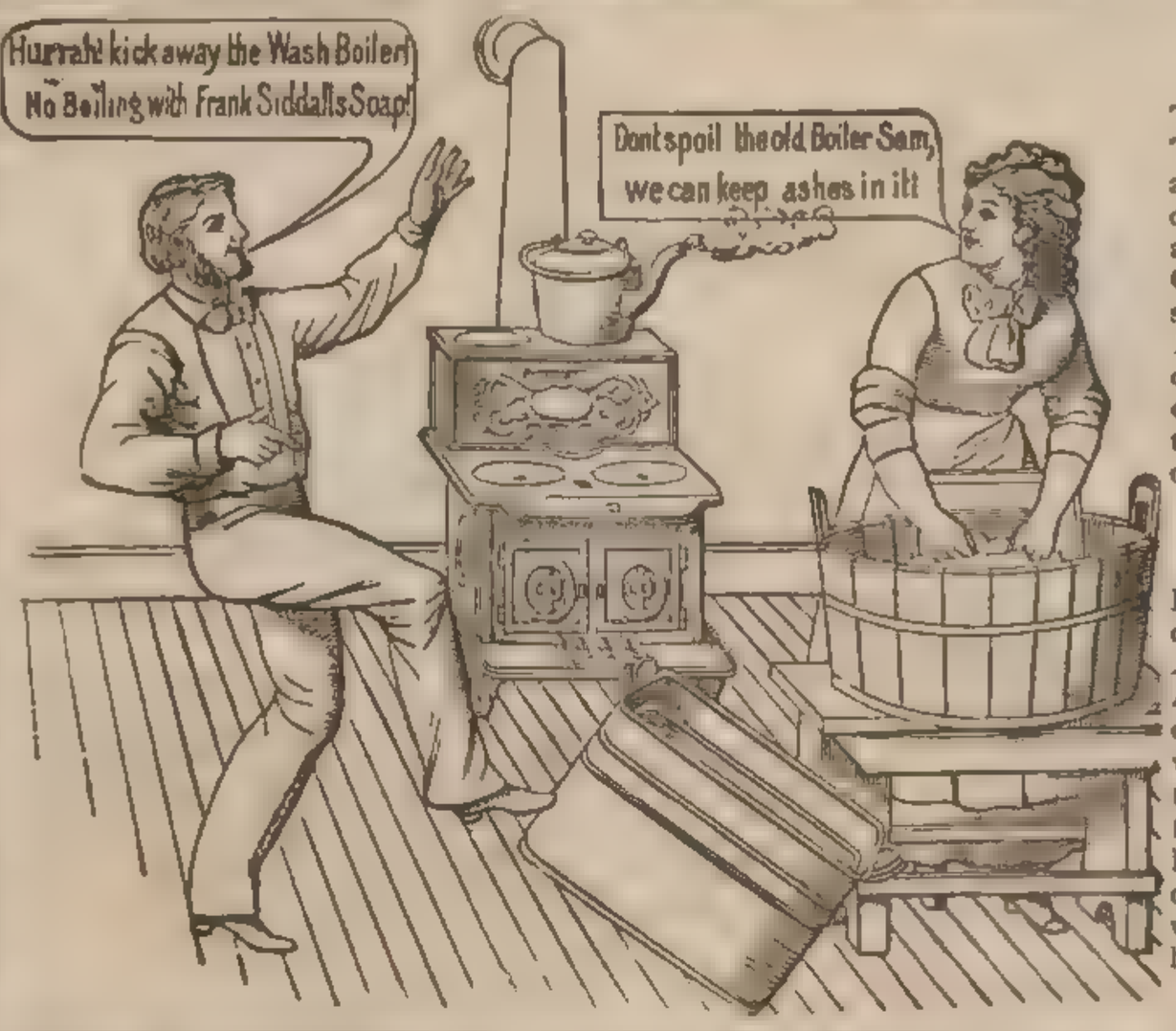
The Saturday Evening Post said, would have no difficulty in understanding and following the very easy and sensible directions.

A Person of Honor,

The Saturday Evening Post said, would scorn to do so mean a thing as to buy an article and then not follow the directions so strongly insisted on.

And Sensible Persons,

The Saturday Evening Post said, would not get mad when new and improved ways were brought to their notice, but would few thankful that better ways had been brought to their notice.



Time Has Shown

That these efforts have been appreciated. Though the advertisements in this paper and the unqualified indorsement of every claim made for the Frank Siddalls Soap and the Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes, the Frank Siddalls Soap has been sent to every State in the Union where *The Saturday Evening Post* circulates, and overworked or annoyed housekeepers from every section have written their letters of thanks for having had their attention drawn to this great improvement.

The Frank Siddalls Soap

Has already been introduced into a number of public institutions through *The Saturday Evening Post* and other religious papers. Among others, the Sisters of the Convent of the Visitation, of Maysville, Ky., have written a splendid testimonial. They say that the Soap has given wonderful satisfaction, both in the laundry and for the bath and toilet. They use it for taking out grease-spots from black goods, for washing burns and blisters, and for every household use.

AND NOW KICK AWAY THE OLD WASH-BOILER—remember that prejudice is a sign of ignorance—and give one honest trial to the FRANK SIDDALLS WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES.

After getting the opinion of noted housekeepers it was decided to adopt what is probably the most liberal proposition ever made to the public. When a lady sees that it is to her own interest to try the Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes, and cannot find the Soap at the store where she resides, she can get a cake by mail ONLY on the following FOUR conditions:

Persons who do not comply with all FOUR of these conditions must not expect any notice to be taken of their letters.

1st. Enclose the retail price (10 cents) in money or stamps.
2d. Say in her letter in what paper she saw the advertisement.
3d. Promise that the soap shall be used on the whole of a regular family wash.
4th. Promise that the person sending will personally see that every little direction shall be strictly followed.

Now, in return, the lady will get a regular ten-cent cake of Soap. To make it carry safely it will be put in a metal envelope that costs six cents; and fifteen cents in postage-stamps will be put on; it will be enough to do a large wash, and there will be no excuse for a single lady reader of *The Saturday Evening Post* for not doing away with all of her wash-day troubles.

Gentlemen are requested not to send for the Soap until their wives have promised to faithfully comply with every requirement.

The Frank Siddalls IMPROVED WAY of Washing Clothes.

Easy and Ladylike; Sensible Persons Follow those Rules Exactly, or Dont Buy the Soap.

The soap washes freely in hard water. Dont use soda or lye. Dont use borax. Dont use anything but FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP.

THE WASH-BOILER MUST NOT BE USED; NOT EVEN TO HEAT THE WASH-WATER.

Heat the wash-water in the tea-kettle; the wash-water should only be lukewarm, and consequently a tea-kettle will answer for even a large wash.

A wash boiler which stands unused several days at a time will have a deposit formed on it from the atmosphere, in spite of the most careful housekeeper, which injures some delicate ingredients that are in this soap. **Always use lukewarm water. Never use very hot water,** and wash the white flannels with the other white pieces. The less water that the clothes are put to soak in, the better will be the result with the Frank Siddalls Soap.

FIRST.—Cut the soap in half—it will go further. Dip one of the articles to be washed in the tub of water. Draw it out on the washboard, and rub on the soap lightly, not missing any soiled places. Then roll the article in a tight roll, just as a piece is rolled when it is sprinkled for ironing, and lay it in the bottom of the tub under the water, and so until all the pieces have the soap rubbed on them and are rolled up. Then go away for twenty minutes to one hour—by the clock—and let the soap do its work.

NEXT.—After soaking the full time, commence by rubbing a piece lightly on the wash-board, and all the dirt will drop out; turn each garment inside out so as to get at the seams, but DONT use any more soap; DONT scald or boil a single piece, or they will turn yellow, and DONT wash through TWO suds. If the wash water gets entirely too dirty, dip some of it out and add a little clean water. Never rub hard, or the dirt will be rubbed in—but rub lightly and the dirt will drop out. All dirt can readily be got out in ONE suds, if a streak is hard to wash, soap it again and throw back in the suds for a few minutes, but DONT keep the soap on the wash-board, nor lying in the water, or it will waste. Do not expect this soap to wash out stains that have been SET by the old way of washing.

NEXT comes the rinsing—which is also to be done in lukewarm water, and is for the purpose of getting the dirty suds out. Wash each piece lightly on the washboard (without using any more soap), and see that all the dirty suds are got out.

NEXT, the blue-water; which can be either lukewarm or cold: Use scarcely any bluing, for this soap takes the place of bluing. *Stir a piece of the soap in the blue-water until the water gets decidedly soapy.* Put the clothes through this soapy blue-water, wring them, and hang them out to dry *without any more rinsing, and without scalding or boiling a single piece.* Washed this way the clothes will NOT smell of the soap, but will smell as sweet as new. Afterward wash the colored pieces and colored flannels the same way as the other pieces. It is not a good way, nor a clean way, to put clothes to soak over night. Such long soaking sets dirt, and makes the clothes harder to wash.

If at any time the wash-water gets too cool to be comfortable, add enough water out of the tea-kettle to warm it. Should there be too much lather, use less soap next time; if not lather enough, use more soap.

For Washing Horses, Dogs, and other Domestic Animals, The Frank Siddalls Soap is without an equal; it is excellent for washing the dirt out of scratches and sores on horses. Fleas, lice, and other vermin on animals, are attracted by dirt; wash the animal clean, and there is no dirt for the vermin to thrive on. It takes the smell of milking off the farmer's hands. Try the Frank Siddalls Soap for Shaving; it leaves the most tender skin smooth and soft; try it for Washing the Baby; try it for cleaning Sores, Wounds, and for Hospital Use generally, in place of the Imported Castile soap. It will not irritate the face and neck when sore from sunburn, nor the Baby when chafed with its clothing.

Persons who have had their Skin Poisoned by the Poison Oak or Poison Sumac, or those who are afflicted with Salt Rheum, Tetter, Erysipelas, Pimples or Blotches on the face, Old Stubborn Ulcers, Itching Piles, etc., often find that the use of Castile or toilet soaps seems to aggravate their trouble. The Frank Siddalls Soap, on the contrary, will agree with the most delicate skin; it can be used both in health and disease, and can always be depended on not to irritate the skin even of the youngest infant, and for that reason is recommended by many physicians and nurses for washing burns and scalds and all sore surfaces of the skin in preference to the best Castile soap.

For use in the Sick Room, for Washing Utensils, Bedding, etc., and for Washing an Invalid, it is highly recommended by physicians and others as remarkable for being both mild and at the same time thoroughly cleansing

Remember it does not soil the Clothing or Bedding, and it is not necessary to rinse the suds thoroughly off, as is the case with most other soaps

ADDRESS ALL LETTERS, OFFICE OF

FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP,

718 Callowhill St., Philadelphia, Pa.

In New York the Frank Siddalls Soap is sold by such wholesale houses as Williams & Potter, Francis H. Leggett & Co., Burkhalter, Masten & Co., Woodruff, Spencer & Stout, and others, and by many retail grocers in New York and Brooklyn; is sold in Philadelphia by nearly every wholesale and retail grocer, and is rapidly growing to be the most Popular Soap in the United States.

Grains of Gold.

One act of charity is worth a century of eloquence.

Never encourage a dog or cat to play with you at the table.

Real glory springs from the silent conquest of ourselves.

Never come to the table with dirty hands or dishevcled hair.

Flattery is like bad money; it impoverishes those who receive it.

Faith steps in to our aid when our boasted reason and knowledge fail.

Never explain at the table why certain foods do not agree with you.

The test of an enjoyment is the remembrance which it leaves behind.

Whoso keepeth his mouth and his tongue, keepeth the soul from trouble.

In matters of prudence last thoughts are best; in morality the first are best.

A sweet temper is to the household what sunshine is to the trees and flowers.

Would you know how to give? Put yourself in the place of him who receives.

Affliction is a school of virtue; it corrects levity and interrupts the confidence of sinning.

It is not what you have in your chest, but what you have in your heart, that makes you rich.

When Death consents to let us live a long time, it takes successively as hostages all those we have loved.

Take a true view of life; be proud that you have work in the world's busy path, and do it well and honorably.

It was well said by a Roman emperor that he wished to put an end to all his enemies by converting them into friends.

The student should first study what he needs most to know; the order of his needs should be the order of his work.

We spend half our lives in making mistakes, and waste the remainder in thinking how we might have avoided them.

You can surely diminish pain and increase pleasure; the secret is to know more and to know that there is more to love.

The man who contents himself to-day with that which he has, will content himself to-morrow with that which he may have.

Judas droops, though his purse is full of money; and Cain, though he is master of a spacious territory, is almost driven to despair.

Do not intersperse your language with foreign words and high-sounding terms. It shows affectation, and will draw ridicule upon you.

Books are the most discreet of all friends; they visit us without intrusion, and, though often rudely put aside, are as prompt to serve and please as ever.

A gentleman was wondering why there are so many bad reputations, when a friend said, "It is probably because every man has to make his own."

Do not carry on a conversation with another in company about matters which the general company know nothing of. It is almost as impolite to whisper.

It is a proof of our natural bias to evil that gain is slower and harder than loss, in all things good; but in all things bad, getting is quicker and easier than getting rid of.

One might say, generally, that no deeply rooted tendency was ever extirpated by adverse argument. Not having originally been founded on argument, it cannot be destroyed by logic.

Revenge is momentary triumph, satisfaction of which dies at once, and is succeeded by remorse; whereas forgiveness, which is the noblest of all revenge, entails a perpetual pleasure.

Do not make a parade of being acquainted with distinguished or wealthy people, of having been to college, or of having visited foreign lands. All this is no evidence of real genuine worth on your part.

What a man believes he will do; and if he has no faith to guide his practice and impel him to action, he will only drift—and no man ever drifted into a good and useful life—certainly not into salvation.

When father and mother have their life and friends quite apart from those of their children, when the boys are in a hurry to scatter in every direction after tea, and the girls prefer any place to their home, the home is in a dangerous state.

There is a vast difference between suffering for purposes of development and discipline, and suffering as the result of evil doing—all the difference between the shower which drops blessings, and the storm-cloud black with thunder and tempest.

An Overworked School-Girl.

From one of this large class of sufferers we have the following testimonial:

"CINNAMINSON, N. J., August, 1880.

"From a feeling of gratitude and a desire to benefit others in a like situation, I voluntarily give my experience with the Compound Oxygen Treatment. When I began it I had for more than a year been suffering from nervous prostration; for I belong to a class which increases yearly, viz., overworked school-girls. My general improvement for nearly two months after I began the Home Treatment was scarcely perceptible, but at the end of that time I began to improve, and now, after eleven months have passed, I can safely say that I have been cured. I sleep and rest well, and am generally in possession of a good appetite, while headaches and backaches are quite unheard of. My throat is cured, and my voice is stronger than ever before. I surprise my friends by my greatly increased physical strength. The fact that I have induced several friends to try this Treatment is an evidence of my faith in its curative power." Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, with large reports and full information, sent free. Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Femininities.

Women barbers should have pretty maps.

The ex Empress Eugenie is writing her memoirs.

Copper color, mixed with brown or black, is used for walking dresses.

God repented of having made man, but never repented of having created woman.

What law has been the greatest terror to evil-doers since the world began? The mother-in-law.

The Woman's Journal insists that there should be women physicians in all hospitals; and we are of like mind.

The Queen of Spain lately appeared at a charity ball, arrayed in a blue dress, with pink hollyhocks in her hair.

The meaning of the word Kismet is Fate, as every young man whose kiss ever met the lips of a pretty girl knows.

As we gaze upon a group of banged girls, we come to the conclusion that the barber is responsible for many a short crop.

Girls are not so much inclined to entice their young men to take the evening walk in the direction of the ice-cream saloon as they were previously.

Some one talking to Carlyle, of Margaret Fuller's intellect and attainments, he said: "Yes, yes, that is well; but does she take care of her stockings?"

Among the wedding presents at an English wedding was a superb side-saddle, elegantly embroidered. Quite a pleasing variety to the usual line of gifts.

Two women have been arrested in Paris, with their husbands, on a charge of fighting a duel. The husbands acted as seconds, and both women were wounded.

Ladies, if you desire to possess an easy-going husband, marry a veteran of the late war. He will eat anything from boiled shoe-leather to bull-dozed bean soup.

New Orleans women think they have the very prettiest feet in the world, and a dealer there says he has got as high as one hundred and fifty dollars for a pair of shoes.

Two hundred housewives took part in a baking contest at Denison, Texas, recently, and the judges know of one hundred women who consider them horrid old fools.

The handsomest diamond necklace ever worn in private life in this country belongs to Mrs. Leland Stamford, of California. It is made in the form of Marguerites, and cost $60,000.

The good Queen Victoria is really blooming again. Not only did she go to see a play at her son's Scotch home, but on a subsequent evening she was his partner in a dance at a ball there.

Women are finding employment under the government in other than merely clerical capacities. A young woman has just been appointed assistant deputy revenue collector in the Brooklyn district.

"This butter, Mrs. Spicer," said the dealer, "carried off the prize at the farmer's fair," and she remarked, "Uncle, if the prize was a ship's anchor and chain cable, I should think the butter could have carried it off easily."

"Is it law you're talking about? Look, now! when I was a sandger I shot twinty men for the quren, and she gave me a pinshin; but if I was only to shoot one shiney fellow for myself, I'd be thried for murther. There's law fur yez."

A girl came to a doctor, with her mother, to be vaccinated, and was terribly nervous about the matter. Just as the doctor was about to commence work she threw her arms about the old lady's neck and sobbed, "One last kiss, mamma, before the operation!"

The colored women of the South are showing their legislative capacity. An association of these women in Anderson, S. C., keeps up the price of labor by ordering that if any member works for less than six dollars per month she shall have a sound flogging.

Mason Ivins, who was a few years ago married as a young man of rare promise, is now roaming in the woods in Monroe county, Tennessee, and is called "the wild man." His head was turned some years ago, when he fell in love with a girl who didn't reciprocate.

A Western paper tells a story of a militia captain, who, on receiving a note from a lady, requesting the "pleasure of his company," understood it as a compliment to those under his command, and thereupon marched the whole of them down to the lady's house!

A singular sight at a railway station in St. Louis the other day was a girl of nineteen years, with handcuffs, and in charge of two officers. She had been arrested in Southwest Missouri on a charge of horse stealing, and had made several attempts to escape from the officers.

Labouchere, after explaining that the truly symmetrical female figure has, with shoulders measuring thirty-six inches, a waist circumference of twenty-four, regards as rather absurd a picture in a ladies' fashion journal which gives a bust of thirty-six inches with a waist of nine inches.

An unfortunate lamp-lighter in Washington has a spunky little wife, who goes about with her lantern as regularly as can be, runs up the posts like a squirrel, without a ladder, and knows no fear. The cause for this is that, for some reason, her husband is in jail, and the little woman does the work until he gets out again. We surmise that she is the light of the family.

There's the secret! A saving woman at the head of a family is the very best saving bank established—one receiving deposits daily and hourly, with no costly machinery to manage it. The idea of saving is a pleasant one; and if the women imbibed it at once, they would cultivate it and adhere to it; and thus, when they are not aware of it, they would be laying the foundation of a competent security in a stormy time, and shelter in a rainy day. The woman who sees to her own house has a large house to save in.

News Notes.

Diamonds are becoming cheaper.

Policemen's clubs are made of locust wood.

Infants while very young do not shed tears.

There are 700,000 Masons in the United States.

England spends $25,000,000 annually for oysters.

The colon, in printing, does not occur before 1490.

Women speculators are rapidly increasing in New York.

Fairly good lead pencils can be bought for eight cents a dozen.

A Connecticut town has a new paper called the Weekly Week.

A man of 92 is suing at Desmoines for a divorce from a wife of 85.

Matthew Arnold recommends Mrs. Heman's poetry for children.

There are forty four journalists in the new French Chamber of Deputies.

Arago states that in France 99 persons are annually killed by lightning.

Chaucer received a pitcher of wine every day from the cellar of Edward III.

Cooke county, Texas, with a population of 25,000, only supports four papers.

Of the 13,000 laborers employed in the Cornish mines over 2,000 are women.

The President of the French Republic receives a salary of $200,000 per annum.

The Greenland youth who cannot catch seals is despised and fed on woman's diet.

Drowning was a military punishment mentioned in the charter of Richard I. only.

The United States makes one-fifth of the iron and one-fourth of the steel in the world.

In New York the daughter of a deceased millionaire has to paint dinner cards to make her living.

A blind Italian beggar at Charlotte, N. C., was seen to count $5,000 cash, the result of his labors.

A company of New York capitalists is agitating a project for an underground railway in this city.

Separation from Great Britain is becoming a topic of common discussion in the Canadian journals.

A Society for the Promotion of Experimenting in Navigation of the Air has been founded in Berlin.

Notwithstanding the severe freezes last winter, Florida will send 50,000,000 oranges to market this season.

Nearly as many reams of paper, in the United States, are made into collars as are used to write upon.

Ancient manuscripts of the complete Hebrew Bible have recently come into possession of the British Museum.

A Canada town boasts two brothers who are practicing law in spite of the fact that they are both deaf mutes.

While the total number of animals described up to 1831 was not more than 70,000, the number now is at least 220,000.

In the last letter that Charles Dickens wrote (on the day before he died) he said: "I will have leisure to-morrow."

There is land enough in Texas to give four and three-fourths acres to every man, woman and child in the United States.

Under the will of the late Lord Beaconsfield, the present Lord is obliged to hunt his pack of fox hounds three days a week.

Large Alsatian bows of moire silk are worn upon the head both by young and elderly ladies, the latter choosing black alone.

Red plush bonnets adorned with red feathers, held by large, old-fashioned paste buckles, are the choice of a few eccentric ladies.

Two prominent Montreal society men have had a street fight over an invitation of Lord Lorne to attend a lawn tennis party.

The old Venetian practice of decorating mirrors is being revived. Sprays of bright flowers are painted across the corner in a very effective manner.

A German physiologist claims that as man does not become an adult until he is 25, by proper living he ought to reach easily the age of 200 years.

In spite of the drouth and chinch bugs, Kansas, according to the latest reliable estimates, will have this season something like 100,000,000 bushels of corn.

A new religious sect in Minnesota are called the Dreamers. They have a dream interpreter, and are governed in their conduct by their dreams.

Paris has more poor people than any other city in the world. The city supports 28,000 orphans and foundlings, and 50,000 poor families are on the official lists.

A small oil painting of Columbus at 40, representing him with thick dark hair, and an aquiline nose, has just been discovered in the colonial office at Madrid.

One Voice

all over the land goes up from mothers, that says: "My daughters are so feeble and sad, with no strength, all out of breath and life at the least exertion. What can we do for them?" The answer is simple and full of hope. One to four weeks' use of Hop Bitters will make them healthy, rosy, sprightly and cheerful.

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HEALTH OF BODY IS WEALTH OF MIND.

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No matter by what name the complaint may be designated, whether it be Scrofula, Consumption, Syphilis, Ulcers, Sores, Tumors, Boils, Erysipelas, or Salt Rheum, Diseases of the Lungs, Kidneys, Bladder, Womb, Skin, Liver, Stomach, or Bowels, either chronic, or constitutional, the virus of the disease is in the BLOOD which supplies the waste, and builds and repairs these organs and wasted tissues of the system. If the blood is unhealthy, the process of repair must be unsound.

The Sarsaparillian Resolvent not only is a compensating remedy, but secures the harmonious action of each of the organs. It establishes throughout the entire system functional harmony, and supplies the blood vessels with a pure and healthy current of new life. The skin, after a few days use of the Sarsaparillian becomes clear, and beautiful. Pimples, Blotches, Black Spots, and Skin Eruptions are removed; Sores and Ulcers soon cured. Persons suffering from Scrofula, Eruptive Diseases of the Eyes, Mouth, Ears, Legs, Throat and Glands that have accumulated and spread, either from uncured disease or mercury, or from the use of Corrosive Sublimate, may rely upon a cure if the Sarsaparillian is continued a sufficient time to make its impression on the system.

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THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.

ONE 50 CENT BOTTLE

WILL CURE MORE COMPLAINTS AND PREVENT THE SYSTEM AGAINST SUDDEN ATTACKS OF EPIDEMICS AND CONTAGIOUS DISEASES THAN ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS EXPENDED FOR OTHER MEDICINES OR MEDICAL ATTENDANCE.

THE MOMENT RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS APPLIED EXTERNALLY—OR TAKEN INTERNALLY, ACCORDING TO DIRECTIONS—PAIN, FROM WHATEVER CAUSE, CEASES TO EXIST.

In all cases where pain or discomfort is experienced, or if seized with Influenza, Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Mumps, Bad Coughs, Hoarseness, Bilious Colic, Inflammation of the Bowels, Stomach, Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, or with Croup, Quinsy, Fever and Ague, or with Neuralgia, Headache, Tic Doloreux, Toothache, Earache, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, or with Lumbago, Pain in the Back or Rheumatism, or with Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or Dysentery, or with Burns, Scalds or Bruises, Chilblains, Frost Bites, or with Sprains, Cramps or Spasms, the application of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will cure you of the worst of these complaints in a few hours.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operations.

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.

Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen.

RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a perfect cure. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

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"Radway on Scrofula."

and others relating to different classes of Diseases.

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A guilt frame—The prison window.

The most precious canine is a diamond cutter.

Show your colors, but don't show them on your nose.

Lynch's sure cure for horse thieves. A dose, one drop.

The train of thought leads the pencil, and hence it is a led pencil.

The youth who "sows wild oats" is apt to mix in more or less tares.

Why is rosebud like a promissary note? Because it matures by falling dew.

Some men's noses are like books: the more immoral they are the more red they are.

It would be a mighty mean man who would refuse to give a new note to borrow sufficient money to take up his outstanding paper at 50 cents on the dollar.

When the devil wishes to give the doors of his hottest furnace a new coat of black paint, he calls together all the scandalmongers of Hades, and makes them lick the iron with their tongues.

Two New York policemen were told by their physicians that they would die if they did not take some exercise. So one of them held a car conductor while the other clubbed him. Next time it will be the other's turn to do the clubbing.

"How Are You, my Old Friend?"

asked a bright-looking man. "Oh, I feel miserable; I'm bilious and can't eat, and my back is so lame I can't work." "Why in the world don't you take Kidney-Wort? That's what I take when I'm out of sorts, and it always keeps me in perfect tune. My doctor recommends it for all such troubles." Kidney-Wort is the sure cure for biliousness and constipation. Don't fail to try it.—Long Branch News.

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It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

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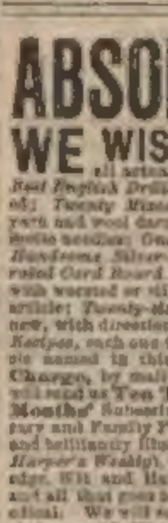

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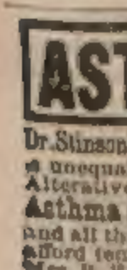

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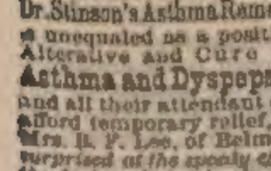

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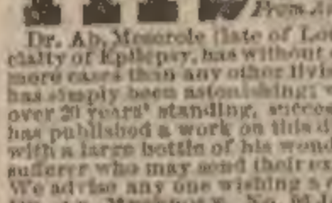

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Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

SHADED ostrich feathers continue to be used on bonnets, but always with flowers or a stiffer kind of feather.

Muffs are often made to match the new bonnets. Hackle features, dyed to any shade, encircle many new coiffures.

Thistles are a favorite bloom, with soft silk centres; but olive-green leaves carry off the preference, together with tiny sunflowers. Beads are introduced on the edges, and veinings of leaves.

The mousseline de soie—really a muslin made of thread, and not silk, but of most silky appearance—is used for cape and fichus with the new oriental lace, which is very inexpensive and yet most durable, being made on a good net foundation, and apparently needle run, in bold designs. Wide gold and jetted galons appear on the front of many new caps, with wreaths of tiny chenille flowers drooping down on to them.

Bands of beaded and floss embroidered tulle are used on many dresses, but Spanish lace net is more worn than anything else, and is now produced in a variety of colors.

The imported fancy feathers now in the market consists largely of breasts and birds' heads, mounted together and separately.

The introduction of fur in combination novation, but in reality so skilfully have the with feathers may seem like a startling innovation, but in reality so skilfully have the manufacturers managed it that some very beautiful combinations are the result. For instance, a sealskin band to cover the broad brim of a hat has a bird of paradise nestling in the fur; the contrast of the bright plumage of the bird with the fur for a back ground is very effective. Little furry heads representing mink, dogs, and animals that have no record in natural history, are also used with feathers. Pheasant-breasts and bands, natural and dyed, plain and mingled with the bright tinted plumage of the tropical humming-birds, grebe skin colored with a brush, cock-plumes in russian green shades, hackles, and innumerable fancies with chenille, steel, jet, and cashmere drops, are among the stocks shown. The coloring of these fancy feathers embraces about every shading thus far invented, but good taste is shown in using a deep color, such as maroon, plum, dark green, and black, and relieving them with lighter and brighter colors. Reds are very judiciously distributed, as are also shades of old gold and yellow, both being used in many instances with the darker shades of green.

Foreign specialties in the rich fabrics come only in small quantities, sometimes a dress in a particular pattern, and again a short piece is the extent of the venture; thus it happens that a lady of fashion becomes the happy possessor of an exclusive fabric or costume if she has wealth enough to pay for the right of originality.

A specimen of such material will be shown this week in a magnificent texture, with ground of satin, while running through the centre of the width is a simulated fall of embossed lace, and on each side of the lace frost-work are sprays of immense roses, buds and leaves in coral and blush pink, in combination with various shades of olive green.

Another, not quite as costly, but equally showy, has upon its surface clusters of tulips, roses, buds, leaves and smaller flowers in bunches, with butterflies hovering over them.

Something new is in a pink, blue and cream satin, with twilled surface, embroidered in roses and half-open buds, with leaves in silver with lines or threads of old gold to heighten the effect, and most charming is a robe design, in a silver satin ground with blue illumination, upon which climbs a vine of raised embroidered wild-rose leaves, the centre spaces between the perpendicular vines filled in with flowers so woven as to appear stitched into the fabric.

Positively regal and after the Marie Antoinette style is a peculiar colored satin in a cream, mastic tint, with wide lines of variously colored flowers in every shade and tone to combine with French blue, and one in old gold ground shows such flowers as roses, blue-bells, daisies, morning glories, pinks, forget-me-nots, with autumn leaves.

Even in a pen and ink delineation these fabrics are handsome, but the extent of their wondrous charms cannot be realized but by sight, for the exquisite tints and gleams of colors and the rich, artistic designs upon the luminous surface are positively indescribable.

The laces imported as accessories to these satins are as fine as spider-webs or the magic creations of fairy looms. Flounces, front pieces and yards of Duchesse and Point Duchesse, Point de Venice, Point Alencon and rare old English point lace, all in the most exquisite conceits and artistic designs.

Favorite walking dresses for the street this season are of dark ruby or hunter's green vigogne or flannel, with short skirt plaited perpendicularly, and coachman's redingote or Grecian tunic and marquise coat with cutaway front and vest, pockets and pelerine of velvet or plush of a color to match.

To this is added a Tyrolean peasant's hat of French felt, with soft, furry border, and trimmed with long ostrich plumes. Carlisle caps are also worn made of mottled feathers and adorned with the wing or head of a bright bird.

A Byron collar of French linen embroidered in the corners, and a fine linen handkerchief with ruby or deep green border completes the tout ensemble.

Black velvet poke-bonnets are prettily relieved by bright-colored linings (those of crimson or doe-colored satin being favorites), to which are added broad strings of velvet, supplemented by a pair of narrower ones neatly tied above and matching the colored lining chosen for the interior of the bonnet itself, the bouillonne crown of which has generally a bow of the bright material placed upon one side.

The latest fancy in coiffures is to form a portion of the hair into a French twist, and upon the crown of the head and on each side of this twist to arrange the rest of the hair in Japanese knots run through with jeweled pins. Low in the neck, behind each ear, are three or four zephyr curls about four inches long. These curls, however, are often omitted in dressing the hair in this style.

Intensely bright colors are seen among all the late importations, and some of the new combinations are quite alarming. If his fancy goes on unchecked an audience of fashionable ladies in church or concert will resemble a huge bed of Dutch tulips, and the similarity will be heightened by the newly developed taste for stripes of every possible hue.

The favorite decoration at present for the throat is a necklace of amber or real coral beads, both of which are in great request. According to the esthetic code, amber beads should be worn with the new artistic sickly greens, the deep philosopher plush, any of the downy reds, or the intensely royal purples, which they affect.

Fireside Chat.

NEEDLEWORK.

THERE has been recently an exhibition in Carlsruhe, Germany, consisting partly of valuable old furniture, china, needlework, jewels, etc., lent by several churches and private persons, and by the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Baden and other princes. Here also were exhibited the presents made to the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess on the occasion of their silver wedding, and the gifts to the Crown Prince and Princess of Sweden on their marriage. The readers of THE POST may like a description of the needlework, quoted from a correspondent, as it might give them hints of which many might be glad to avail themselves. There were many screens, some modern, some old-fashioned; and, as screen-making is now so fashionable, I will describe those which seemed most effective and most easy to be copied.

A three-leaved screen, seven feet high, painted on wood, edged with ornamental brass moulding. Centre panel, two white lemon-crested cockatoos, life-size, one on a table, one on the ground; drapery falling from the table; long grasses in the foreground. Right leaf, large engraved brass water jug, standing in long grass. Left side, tall brown majolica water bottle and drapery.

Three-leaved screen, four feet high; panels of blue silk, centre one an allegorical female figure bearing the arms of Baden. On right and left panel a Watteau group.

A fire-screen, rather more than a yard high, of white satin. Arranged up the left side, and with the ending sprays extending partly over the top and bottom of the panel, was an exquisite garland of dried flowers and leaves. By some process, the natural colors of the flowers had been preserved, and the flowers themselves flattened, so that the whole wreath had the appearance of a beautiful painting. Pansies, primroses—both the pale yellow of our woods and the pink of our gardens—forget-me-nots, maidenhair, Egyptian and other ferns, many-colored bramble leaves, were all there, not massed close together, but every delicate spray standing out distinctly on the white satin, though all were branching from the graceful stem, which wandered up the whole length of the screen. A border of forget-me-nots in silk embroidery surrounds the whole panel, which is tied to a black and gold frame, by gold cord and tassels at the top and bottom. I recommend this design for a banner-screen.

Three-leaved screen, five feet high, presented to the bride and bridegroom by the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany. Each leaf of stamped dark-brown leather is set in a gold frame. Centre panel painted with the arms of Baden surmounted by a coronet and cushion. At one upper corner a spray of red, at the other a spray of white roses. Beneath the arms, a single red rose, thrown carelessly on the background. At the very bottom a scroll and lilies. Right and left hand panels have the cyphers G and V entwined, red roses on one upper corner, yellow and pink roses on the other. These flowers are repeated in sprays issuing from a cornucopia at the bottom. Two gilt handles are fixed on the outside edges of the screen.

Two-leaved screen, four feet high, black satin bordered two inches wide with dead-leaf plush. This screen presented no great difficulties to a clever worker. It is strewn at intervals with curious conventional roses, no two of which are exactly alike in shape, though the same in color. The roses, with their leaves, are worked in not too fine cross-stitch on the satin in art colors, the roses in pinks, leaves in olive-greens, curiously shaded in masses. The sprays are outlined with gold thread in the stalks and around the edges of their narrow leaves, which last are worked in long stitches in silks, shaded olive green and delicate blue. The screens are all wedding presents to the Crown Prince and Princess of Sweden. For the benefit of those who admire tablecloths, I will describe one as I never saw anything like it. A label attached to it states that it is the gift of "the women and maidens of Carlsruhe." It is made of plain white linen, not damask, three yards long. The fringe, half a yard deep, is knotted four times. The principal border, half a yard deep, is worked in cross-stitch in blue cotton, all of the same shade, not indigo blue, but a middle shade of china blue. This cross-stitch, as well as that of the screen last-mentioned, is worked on rather coarse canvas tacked on the material, the threads of the canvas being afterwards drawn out. At intervals in the border, of half a yard or so, the Baden and Swedish arms appear alternately, surmounted by a crown, the pattern in this case being formed by the white linen left unworked, while the ground is filled up with the blue cross-stitch. Four squares placed diamond-wise, with different designs in each square, fill up the space left between each group of the royal arms. These squares are worked in the blue cotton, the ground being left white. A narrower border, an inch and a half wide, is worked between the wide border and the fringe. Dinner napkins to match, of a very large size, with the combined arms of Sweden and Baden worked in the corners, and a handsome border. The sideboard cloth has a hem an inch and a half wide, ending in a narrow open-work border, from which the threads have been drawn longitudinally. A wide border of squares, a finger long each way—the squares, I mean, placed diamond-wise—occupies the middle of the sideboard cloth, which is three-quarters of a yard wide, each square containing alternately the cypher of the Prince and that of the Princess, with crown placed over. Such a tablecloth as I have described would be handed down to one's children and grandchildren, if only common care were taken in the washing. This is proved by the condition of some very ancient altar-cloths in the same exhibition, one of which was worked in 1550. The figure of St. Barbara on it is outlined in red and blue, the centre being filled up with plait-stitch, worked in very coarse white linen thread. After this lapse of years the colors of the red and blue are still easily distinguished.

Dining-Room Chair Backs.—I should like to recommend old embroidery for covers made of strong colored linens; they can now be had in almost any shade. These should be cut to the shape of the chair, and embroidered in one or two shades only of wool, in a simple design of either Moorish or Byzantine style. They would be in good taste, and harmonise with most rooms. The edges are only finished with a wide hem, in which an elastic can be run, which helps to keep the cover in its place, though this is unnecessary if it is carefully cut. Plain linen worked with cross-stitch in one or two colors is in good taste, and newer than crewel; while linen embroidered in satin-stitch in colored or white embroidery cotton, in a simple floriated design, is perfectly new, and has the happy effect of always looking well and good. The cushions can be made in each case to correspond with the covers.

Music Case.—In answer to Julia's inquiry, cases for holding music are frequently made square and flat, to allow of the pieces slipping in. One side is cut about three inches wider than the other, and this folds over and buttons, thus protecting the edges of the pieces from dust. Other cases have no flap, and the music is simply pushed in. Crash, oatmeal cloth, and satin sheeting are the usual materials. I saw a pretty design of a thick twig worked across the case, a good-sized bird, its head up in the act of singing (meant, I presume, for a nightingale), a spray of red flowers trailing downwards, and "Music" on the brown twig in plain gold filoselle letter. Another design is "Music" in red, worked round, and in the midst of the rays of a setting sun, outlined in gold; below is a cluster of flowers and the singing bird, and in one corner the large monogram of the owner. Quilted satin, with a small flower in each section, is used, and also common huckaback, darned in and out with gold filoselle, with a space left in the centre, in which a medallion is worked, surrounding the word "Music."

A POLITICIAN can in no manner be compared to a pancake. We had an idea that he could when we first thought of it, but he can't. You see, a pancake is turned when done on one side, and a politician turns when one side is done with him. Perhaps we haven't got at this in just the manner we wanted, but a politician can't be compared to a pancake. We are satisfied of that.

Correspondence.

ED., (Shannon, Ill.)—There are many medical books published for family use, but we do not know any of the title you mention.

A. R. E., (Erie, Pa.)—It depends on the age of the person attacked by it. With proper care, and skilled medical advice, young people often recover from epilepsy; but if the patient has passed a certain age when attacked he rarely or ever can throw it off.

DARK-EYED, (Ashtabula, O.)—You must let the young gentleman in the choir continue to glance at you during the service. It is better that you should not be introduced to him. You are too madly in love with him to command his respect. Wait, at any rate, until your love for him cools down a little.

JESSIE, (Washington, Pa.)—There are differences in opinion in regard to the best beds for refreshing sleep, some persons advocating soft and some hard beds. The difference between them is that the weight of a body on a soft bed presses on a larger surface than upon a hard bed, and consequently more comfort is enjoyed. 2. About three thousand miles.

READER, (Franklin, Mass.)—Damocles was a hanger-on of Dionysius, King of Syracuse, and did a good deal of flattering of his master, who was a sensible man, and once put Damocles at table with a sword hanging by a hair over his head. He meant to show him that every lot has its drawback. Cicero tells this, and every orator since now and then hangs up Damocles' sword.

JUSTUS, (Leavenworth, Kan.)—Formerly Judges were appointed by the Executive in all of the States. The system was thought to lead to abuses of patronage, and the plan of electing Judges by popular vote was introduced. Some of the States, however, adhere to the old plan and claim that they get better Judges, the selection being more carefully made. All United States Judges are appointed by the President.

HORACE, (South Bend, Ind.)—"Man" cannot be derived from *mens*, mind, simply because a primitive word or name for a concrete idea cannot be derived from an abstract one. We see man before we conceive of mind. Some languages even now have no word for mind, and even with us there are those who question whether mind and soul are not identical. This follows even to Latin. The legal animus signifies that man has a mind in his action, and our animation means vivacity of mind.

LOTTIE, (New Haven, Conn.)—This correspondent has received from an unknown man a letter expressing a great desire of forming her acquaintance, asking an answer and a secret interview and signing a fictitious name, which he requests LOTTIE, a schoolgirl of sixteen, also to do. She wishes to know what she should do. No honest man would write such a letter. Even a girl of sixteen might know that. The writer is probably a scoundrel, and LOTTIE had better throw his letter in the fire, or show it to her friends. No good ever comes of such correspondence.

G. S., (Philips, Kans.)—It is not known for certain who was the author of "Blue Beard." It is maintained, however, that the story was first written in French, by Charles Perrault, and that the original of the character was a Marshal of France, named Gilles de Laval. Marshal Laval was distinguished for military genius and intrepidity, and was possessed of princely revenues, but rendered himself infamous by the murder of his wives, and his extraordinary impiety and debaucheries. He was finally burned alive, for some state crime, in 1440. There was another Blue Beard in England in the reign of Henry VI., ten years after the French one was burned alive.

SAMUEL C., (Penobscot, Me.)—You have kept company with a lady since you were at school together, you love her, and know that she loves you in return, but you are not able to support her in the way that she is now living, and ask, finally, whether it would be proper for you to engage yourself to her. Whether you should offer yourself is the prior question, purely. She may not wish the engagement, and it rests with her. If she is every way suitable, is beloved by you and loves you in return, then state the exact facts to her parents or guardians, offer yourself, and if they, knowing the circumstances, permit an engagement, well and good. Then go ahead and make a living for two.

E. R. B., (West Philadelphia, Pa.)—The "Lloyd's" which you so often see referred to in the newspapers, and the meaning of which you have not been able to learn, is simply the name given to a set of rooms on the first floor of the Royal Exchange, London, frequented by merchants, shipowners, insurers, etc., for the purpose of obtaining shipping intelligence and transacting marine insurances. Registers are kept at Lloyd's of all the ships which arrive in almost every port in the world, and also disasters at sea. The information is furnished by trustworthy agents, and there is scarcely a port of consequence where one is not stationed. The name Lloyd's is applied to these rooms because the headquarters of the London shippers and marine insurers was originally at Lloyd's coffee-house.

SEEKER, (Potter, Pa.)—You ask us to say whether or not Sunday rest is advantageous to men and women. Leaving out its value from a strictly religious point of view, here follows what Macaulay says on the subject: "We are not poorer, but richer, because we have for many ages rested from our labors one day in seven. That day is not lost. While industry is stopped, while the exchange is silent, while no smoke issues from the factory, a process is going on quite as important to the wealth of the nation as any which is performed on more busy days. Man, the machine of machines—the machine compared with which all the contrivances of the Watts and Arkwrights are worthless—is repairing and winding up, so that he returns to his labors on the Monday with clearer intellect, with livelier spirits, and renewed corporeal vigor."

EMILIA, (New York, N. Y.)—Opinions differ as to what constitutes a fine nose. They are in plenty variety and you can take your choice. There are several different characters of noses, all beautiful enough in their way—the Roman nose, the Greek nose, the Jewish nose, the stump nose, and the sharp nose. Now it is quite clear that the three national noses—the Roman nose, the Greek nose, and the Jewish nose—were considered to be found amongst the different nations to which they belong, although the Jewish nose ought rather to be called the Assyrian nose. According to the taste of people, either the Roman or the Greek nose is considered to be the pattern of beauty, and the length of the nose, in order to be perfectly beautiful, should be a third that of the face, measuring from the tip of the chin to the root of the hair. 2. We believe that it is a physiological fact that the length of everybody's nose is exactly the distance from the point of the thumb to the tip of the forefinger, when the fingers are placed together.